

# PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE  
STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, November 7, 1898, by Frank Tousey.

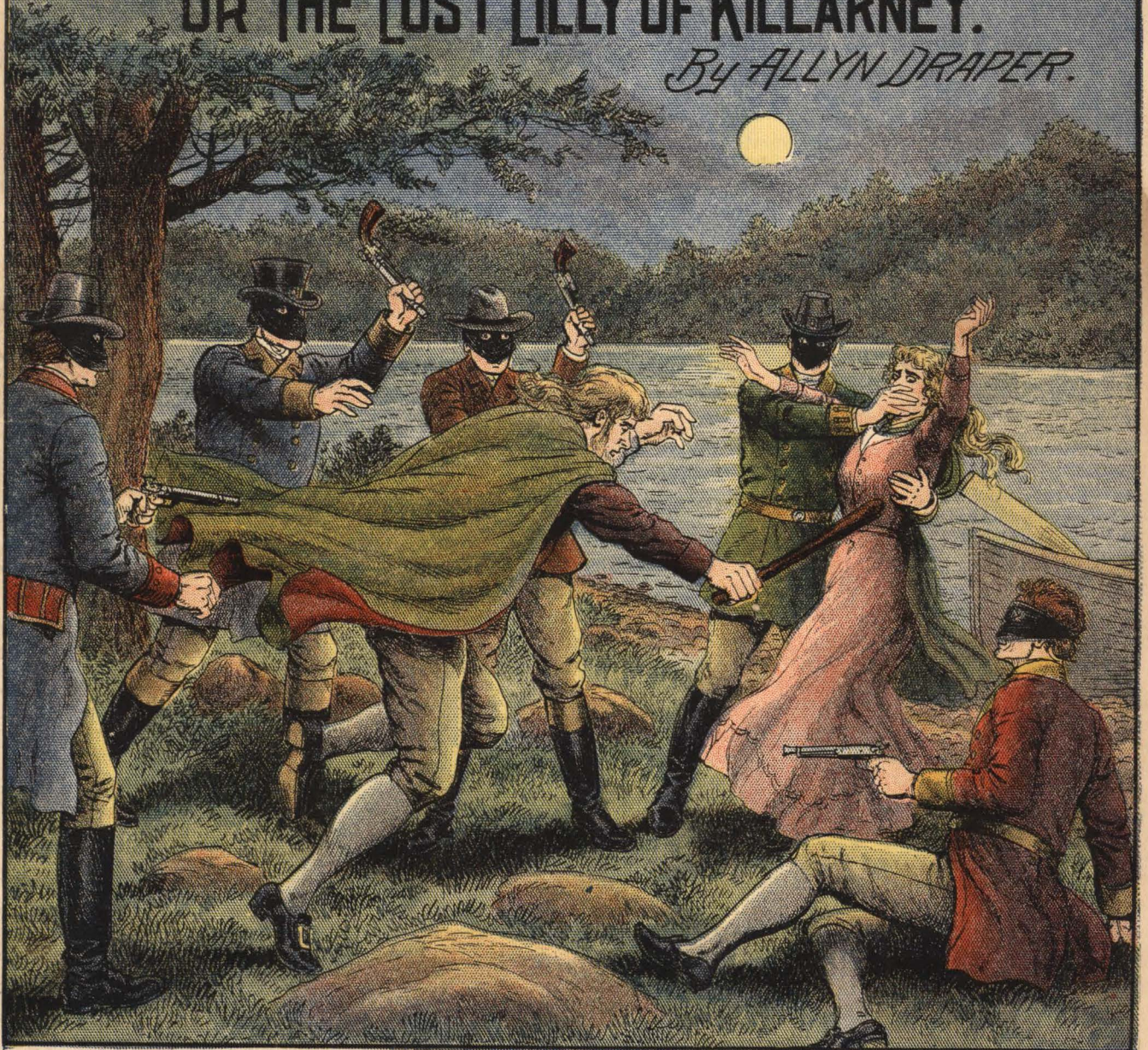
No. 323.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 10, 1904.

Price 5 Cents.

## YOUNG KING KERRY THE IRISH ROB ROY; OR THE LOST LILLY OF KILLARNEY.

By ALLYN DRAPER.



But King Kerry did not dream of flying, while the girl he loved was in danger, and he sprang to strike down the wretch who held her, yelling: "You villain, take that for touching the girl."



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## YOUNG KING KERRY, THE IRISH ROB ROY;

OR,

## The Lost Lilly of Killarney.

By **ALLYN DRAPER.**

### CHAPTER I.

#### BANISHED TO KERRY.

"No, sir. You cannot go to Spain to fight under our great Wellington."

"But I promise you, father, to regain my good name there, or die on the field of battle."

"Die, and be hanged to you, as soon as you like, but you shan't go into the regular army again, to bring fresh disgrace on my name."

"Then what am I to do? Give me one more chance of reforming, and——"

"Not another chance, you shameless young scamp. I disown you forever. Go to the lower regions out of here, and never let me see your deceitful face again."

"Very well, sir. Then I will enlist as a private soldier and go to Spain."

"Go to Halifax if you like. Hold on a moment."

The last speaker was the Earl of Denmare, one of the richest and most influential of the noblemen of England.

The youth he had denounced and discarded was his oldest son, known to the fast world of London as Lord Lovejoy, and one of the most reckless and dissipated scamps among the nobility.

The wealthy earl was a man of sixty, with stern, cruel features, tall and stout in form and with an eye that was both fearless and forbidding. Young Lord Lovejoy was in his nineteenth year, and he resembled his father in many ways, as he was a tall, handsome youth, without the hard features and the forbidding expression of the old man's eyes.

It was evening in spring time, and the harsh interview was held in the palatial mansion of the old earl in the city of London.

The youth had turned to leave the library when his father's last words held him back.

"And so you want a last chance, do you?" continued the old man, with a grim smile.

"If you will be so kind, sir."

"Don't speak to me of kindness, you unmitigated young thief, as I will not show you any, after the disgrace you have brought on my name."

"I confess, sir, that——"

"Hang your confessions, and listen to me. You know that I have the power to make a beggar of you."

"I do, sir."

"And you know that you have squandered a princely fortune and disgraced yourself."

"I admit, sir, but——"

"No buts to me. You should be transported as a common convict, as you would be were it not for my wealth and influence. Now I am going to transport you elsewhere, and give you the one chance you require."

"Where must I go, sir?"

"To Ireland."

The young man started at the announcement as if he had received a death sentence.

"To Ireland?" he gasped, as he glared at the grinning old earl, who appeared to enjoy his surprise in the happiest manner.

"To Ireland," repeated the old earl, "and to one of the wildest sections of that infernal country you must go. Do you remember that I own a large estate in Kerry?"

"I—I—have heard as much, sir; but I thought you hated the country and the people?"

"And so I do, as I have cause; and that is one reason why I am sending you there."

"I don't understand you, sir."

The old earl grinned and chuckled.

"Then I will explain, my dutiful son," the old rogue rejoined. "Yes, I hate the Irish, and especially the robbers on my own estate in Kerry, and I want to send you there as a scourge on them."

The young man looked as if the death sentence was passing on him again.

"You wish me to be murdered by the Irish barbarians, sir," he faltered.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the cruel old man. "You would like to go to Spain as an English officer, so as to gamble again and make love to the dark-eyed maidens of Madrid, but you tremble at the thought of going to Ireland. Are you a coward as well as a rogue?"

"I am not a coward, sir."



"Then go prove your courage by fighting the rebel rascals on the Irish hills. You may there find one youth worthy of your steel."

"You may as well banish me to the wilds of Africa at once."

"Not at all, you fool. Here, now, I will make you a last offer; and, if you do not accept it, you will go forth from this house as a beggar, to find yourself a convict ere long."

The youth shuddered a little, as he knew that the stern old earl was in grim earnest.

"That is your proposal, sir?" he inquired.

"You know that you have squandered more than a princely fortune in vice?"

"You know that I can cut you off with a shilling and that I have sworn to do so unless you retrieve yourself by some miracle?"

"You have so threatened me."

"And I never threaten in vain. That Irish estate of mine is a princely inheritance in itself if the revenues could be collected and a certain young robber of the hills and his followers crushed forever."

"Who is this young robber?"

"Did you ever read about the famous Scottish chief known as Rob Roy?"

"I can't say that I have, sir."

"Of course you didn't, as he doesn't figure in the London prize ring. Well, Rob MacGregor lived in strongholds on his native mountains, and he claimed that a large portion of the fertile country below was his by right of birth or lineage."

"I begin to understand you now, sir."

"So much the better. Rob Roy was a brave, daring rascal, with many wild followers under him who would face death at his word, and he would levy tribute or blackmail on those who lived in the valley which he claimed as his own."

"Then I am to understand, sir, that you have an Irish Rob Roy near your Irish estate?"

"That is the situation there. A young Irish rascal, calling himself King Kerry, claims that he is the rightful owner of my estate, and he plays the mischief with the cattle and the crops in the fertile valley."

"But why can't the English soldiers there protect your property and hang the young rascal, sir?"

"You young fool! Don't you know that all the troops possible have been sent to Spain, and that the English in Ireland have to depend on the militia, or yeoman, of the country?"

"But can't the English settlers in Ireland crush the robbers?"

"They don't seem able, so far. The yeomen are supported by the English government. They have the best arms and horses possible, but yet young King Kerry has defied them, and he has been robbing me right and left for over a year—hang him!"

"Then you purpose, sir, that I go over to the wilds of Ireland and try a bout with this young barbarian?"

"That is what you must do. But don't you imagine, my young sprig, that you will have to deal with a young barbarian. From what I have heard of this young King Kerry, he can be anything he pleases to suit himself, and it will be very easy for him to be more of a gentleman than you are."

The young man only bowed in reply, and the sarcastic old earl went on:

"And don't you imagine that you will be fighting for a desert, either. The mountains are wild, but the valley I own is one of the most beautiful and fertile spots on the face of the earth. Capture or kill this young King Kerry, disperse his band, and that princely estate will be yours. Refuse or fail, and I will not give you another pound."

The young man was not a coward, yet he shuddered at what appeared to him a terrible ordeal.

It was not that he feared the young Irish chief and his wild followers, but his martial tastes ran in another line.

Having disgraced himself in London by crimes that would have sent a poor man's son to a convict settlement for life, the gay young lord hoped to wash out his sins by a campaign in Spain, and with plenty of funds for a life of pleasure in that sunny land.

But to be banished to Kerry to fight the young Irish outlaw!

In common with the ignorant Englishmen of his day—and of the present time as well—Lord Lovejoy regarded Ireland as a wild, heathenish country, and the natives thereof as so many barbarians, fit only to be shot at and hunted down like beasts of prey.

He could not imagine that there was a handsome, intelligent man in the whole country, or that a beauteous maiden ever dwelt on Irish soil.

Yet to Ireland he must go.

On perceiving that his father was in deadly earnest, the young scapegrace made some inquiries concerning the force he could command in waging war against young King Kerry.

He was then informed that he would receive a commission as a captain of the yeomen in the neighborhood of the Kerry estate, with full power to deal with all rebels as he pleased; and that he was not to announce his name or title in Ireland.

"As you have disgraced your title," said the old earl, "you will be known there as simple Captain Godfrey Grandon. When you have conquered King Kerry you can take your title again."

"And can I return to London when I have killed this King Kerry and his followers, sir?" eagerly inquired the banished youth.

"You cannot. You must reside at Beara Castle until you are twenty-one. I will give you power to collect the rents, as my agent, and you can use the money as you please, but you must not return here until you can behave yourself."

And so the future conqueror of King Kerry had to set out on his pilgrimage on the next morning.

The young scamp had served about a year as an officer in the English army, and he could command a company.

He was a splendid horseman, an excellent swordsman, and an accomplished boxer.

He could handle cards and dice as well as a pistol; he had a heart for love and for war; and he had a winning smile and voice when in a pleasing humor.

Taking the future Captain Godfrey Grandon all in all, he was as about as dangerous and as able a young scourge as the English ever sent over to prey on the sister isle.

The young man had one friend with him on the journey, who acted as a servant and instructor, and who had been his boon companion for some time.

This companion was well known as one of the champions of the London prize ring, and he called himself Jack Cade.

The pugilist was a tall, stout, plucky-going fellow of twenty, with a good Saxon face, a fair education for one of his class, and with a long head.

Jack Cade did not despise the Irish as much as his master, as he had once paid a visit to Dublin on business, when he had encountered and suffered defeat at the hands of a famous native pugilist, known to fame as Dan Donnelly.

Yet Jack did not attempt to enlighten the young soldier on that point.

Captain Grandon was a little surprised, on landing at Cork City, to notice that all the houses were not hovels; and that the natives were about as well dressed as the citizens of London.

"All English settlers, you know, Jack," he remarked to his companion.



"In course, sir; but don't they soon pick up the Irish accent."

"It must be caused by the rubbish of whisky they make here, Jack."

"That's the ticket, sir, or the taters."

And Jack laughed in his sleeve at his ignorant young master.

But we will not dwell on the first impression of Ireland on the young English snob, as we will on to his adventures.

Having letters of credit and introduction from his father to English officials and bankers in Cork, Captain Grandon was soon supplied with money, horses and arms, and they set out for far-famed Killarney after resting a few days.

They were also supplied with a guide in the shape of a strapping Irish peasant, who appeared to be a man advanced in life.

The guide spoke with a broad brogue, he had a pair of keen eyes, and he gave his name as Murty Moylan, being a native of Kerry.

Now, Jack Cade was as brave a fellow as ever stood in a ring with nature's weapons, but he had a horror of guns, pistols and swords.

Moreover, he had a terror of highwaymen and prowling outlaws in general.

The keen-eyed guide soon noticed the Englishman's "strong weakness," and they were not many miles out of the "charming city on the Lee," before he commenced to play on it.

"I say, you Irish fellow," said Captain Grandon, as they rode through a deep wood, "do you know Beara Castle?"

"To be sure, sur."

"Then I suppose you know the young robber who calls himself King Kerry?"

An expression of alarm burst from the guide, and his horse made a bound forward as if terrified at the name uttered.

"Oh, whist, whist, sur," cried Murty, pulling up his horse and staring into the wood on each side of the road. "This is the very spot."

"What very spot, you idiot?"

"Where he put the five English sogers out of misery last month, yer honor. Just seven shots was heard from the wood, and over from their nags they fell like so many dead ducks, sir."

A fearful groan escaped from Jack Cade, and he urged on his horse.

Captain Grandon drew a pair of pistols and glared fearlessly at each side.

"You rascal!" he cried; "do you mean to tell me that King Kerry appears around here?"

"Murder alive, sir, but he or his men are here and there and everywhere in the two counties, and don't be talking his name aloud if ye want to get to the lakes without being riddled."

The two Englishmen were traveling in plain clothes as tourists, and their guide was not supposed to even suspect that one of them was aiming to crush young King Kerry.

Jack Cade was dashing along as fast as his horse would carry him, and the others galloped on after him until they were out of the wood.

"What in the blazes is the matter with you, Jack?" demanded his young master.

The pugilist would never admit about his "strong weakness," and he cunningly answered:

"The infernal Irish 'oss took a fright in the wood, sir."

"And no wonder," remarked the guide, "as there's a ghost of some poor divil of a yeoman wandering about every tree."

Murty then went on to give fearful accounts of doings of robbers and highwaymen on the road they were traveling, and described King Kerry as a perfect young fiend.

Jack Cade was in a state of torture until they reached the

hills overlooking the town of Killarney and the beautiful lakes and islands.

It was evening, and the sun was going down over the western mountains, with its red rays gleaming over the magic waters and green-tinted shores.

The Englishmen had no eyes for that delightful scene, as they were weary and hungry; but one of them had an eye for another charming object that soon appeared to their view.

Along the hillside appeared a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl on horseback, with her golden hair streaming back from her snow-white shoulders.

She was riding a beautiful white horse at full speed, and dashing along down over ditch and hedge, and rugged pathway like a beautiful vision of light and beauty.

Captain Grandon drew up on the roadside to stare at the beautiful creature until she disappeared in a grove below, when he cried:

"By Jove, that was a witching creature! I say, you fellow!"

"What ails you, sur?" asked Murty, as an ugly frown appeared in his dark eyes.

"That girl I saw. I presume she is some young English lady living about here?"

"Not a bit of it, sir. That young lady is of true Irish stock, and she's proud of it."

"What's her name then?"

Instead of answering the question, the sturdy-looking guide pointed down to the town, saying:

"There's Killarney before you, and we part company here."

"But what is that young lady's name, you rascal, and where does she live?"

The guide glared at the young Englishman in a fierce manner as he replied:

"I wouldn't mention the good young lady's name in the presence of such as you."

"You confounded Irish puppy!"

The young Englishman raised his riding-whip to lash the insulting guide, when the weapon was dashed aside by the stalwart Irishman, and the former was sent flying from his horse.

Uttering a fierce imprecation, Jack pushed his horse to assail the guide, when he received a blow from the guide's whip in turn that sent him sprawling beside his master.

Then up a side hill dashed the man, calling himself Murty Moylan, muttering:

"You don't know me yet, you young English rascal, but you felt King Kerry's arm sooner than he intended, and you'll feel it soon again."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LILLY OF KILLARNEY.

"My dear young lady, am I to blame if my ancestors conquered Ireland?"

"Ireland is not conquered yet, Captain Grandon, and am I to blame for hating the cruel strangers who rob and plunder, and kill my people throughout the land?"

Captain Grandon was just one week in Kerry, and he had succeeded in forming the acquaintance of the fair creature who had bewitched him that evening as she dashed down the hillside on the white horse.

Her name was Kathleen O'Donohue, and she was the only child of an impoverished Irish gentleman who lived in a ruined castle near the Lakes of Killarney.

It was evening again, and they were standing on the edge of a grove looking out on the placid waters.



The fair girl's face was flushed; her blue eyes were flashing with scorn and indignation, and her little foot was stamping on the green shamrock growing all around her.

The gay young Englishman smiled in his most alluring manner, as he responded:

"I am sure I would blow my brains out ere I would attempt to rob you, Miss Kathleen."

"Oh, you didn't rob me, sir, I suppose, but your countrymen did. My grandfather was once master of the fertile fields around here, and now we hold that old ruin and a few fields about it. Goodness knows how long this will be our home."

Captain Grandon did not relish the subject, and he attempted to turn it off by saying:

"I'm sure, Miss O'Donohue, that you must have been educated in England or France."

"Indeed, and I was not, sir. All I know I learned in Killarney here, and that isn't much. Ah! I see your yeoman are out again."

And the fair girl pointed to a body of horsemen riding down the hillside, the frown on her face deepening into scowl.

"I am unfortunate, I fear," said the young gallant, "in commanding a troop of yeomen; and yet is it not right that we should protect ourselves against those rebels on the mountains?"

"Might makes right in your case, sir. You are a stranger here; and you don't know the yeomen yet, or you would not be proud of your company—that is, if you are the gentleman you seem."

"I hope I will be always a gentleman to you, Miss Kathleen; but are they such terrible rascals?"

"They are, sir. The yeomen in this country are the greatest scoundrels and cut-throats ever landed together. They are simply hired robbers of the English government."

"Are they any worse than the Irish robbers on the mountain?"

"A thousand times! The men of the mountain believe that the land they tread is theirs, and they war only on the strangers who rob them. The yeomen are composed of English rascals from the towns and cities, Scotch adventurers, and Irish renegades."

"My dear young lady, I pray that you will not class me among the former. I am an English officer, and I am here to do my duty as the Earl of Denmare's agent, and as a soldier."

"Then do your duty as you see it; but beware of King Kerry and his mountain men."

"Do you know this famous King Kerry, young lady?"

A bright smile illumined the young girl's face, and she promptly answered:

"I am proud to say that I do."

"But he certainly cannot be a person who ever moved in the same circle that you do."

"He is fit and able to move in any society, Captain Grandon; and you will yet find that he is even your match as a soldier."

"But he appeared to be a perfect clown to me."

The fair girl burst out into a merry fit of laughter.

"Faith, I must confess," she said, "that King Kerry did act in a clownish manner that evening. I was surprised to see him making at you and your servant man, and tossing you off your horses. He does queer things at times, I must admit."

And the girl laughed again, to the great annoyance of her English admirer.

"Young lady," he said, in serious tones, "your King Kerry would not dare to face me sword in hand."

The merry girl laughed so loud that her peals could be heard across the silent lake.

"Not dare to face you, sword in hand?" she cried, in scornful

tones, "I can only say, brave captain, heaven help you if he does."

The young Englishman scowled a little, and drew himself up to his full height, as he retorted:

"And I swear that you will have to pray for him, young lady, when we do meet."

"If he should die fighting for his native land, I will pray for him. But I must return now, and here are your brave yeomen."

"One moment, my dear young lady."

Kathleen was turning toward the grove, and a troop of about fifty yeomen had halted some two hundred yards away.

"Well, sir, what do you wish to say?"

"May I not be permitted to call on your good father to-morrow evening? And I am certain we can arrange about that strip of land in dispute."

"Certainly, Captain Grandon. My father will be always glad to receive a gentleman, even if he is a captain of the yeomen."

The girl laughed again as she turned and tripped away to the grove.

Captain Grandon stared after her until she disappeared, and he then sprang on his horse and rode toward his troop, muttering:

"By Jove! she is a bewitching little rebel, and she does hate the English. Yet I am certain that I can win her and she must be mine."

Kathleen O'Donohue, who was known and loved as the Lilly of Killarney, had scarcely entered the grove when she was confronted by a tall, dark-eyed youth of nineteen, who was clothed in the garb of a peasant.

Clasping the young man's outstretched hands, the fair girl drew him deeper into the grove.

"Oh, Donal," she muttered, in tender tones, "the yeomen are out there now. Are you mad to be coming here so soon?"

The youth pressed one arm around the girl's waist and kissed her red lips.

"Don't fear for me, my darling," he answered, "as I laugh at all the yeomen in the land. What does the young English scamp want here?"

"He came to see father about the western strip of land, and I was civil to him."

"Then don't be civil to him again, Kathleen, as he is the greatest young scoundrel ever sent out of England, and it is a shame to admit him to your house at all."

"Why, Donal, you surprise me, as he appeared to me to be a nice young gentleman for a Saxon."

The young man scowled and clenched his muscular hands as he shook them in the direction taken by the captain of the yeomen.

"That's always the way with you girls," he retorted, "to be taken with a fair face and a smooth tongue. Did you ever hear about young Lord Lovejoy?"

"Do you mean the Earl of Denmare's son, Donahue?"

"To be sure."

"Of course, I heard about the young scamp. But what has the young lord to do with Captain Grandon?"

"They are one and the same person, my darling. I would have sent word to your father, only I didn't dream that the young scoundrel would come near you."

Astonishment and pain was depicted on the fair girl's face as she listened to the announcement.

"Are you sure of what you say, Donal?" she asked.

"As sure as that I adore the ground you walk on, my darling. I saw him in Paris last year during the peace, and I came over with him from London on the packet. And didn't I act as his guide down here?"

"Then why is he called Grandon?"



"Because he disgraced his own name or title, and he has taken up his mother's to commence a new career of infamy here in Ireland."

"And why haven't you told the people here that they were now dealing with the earl's son?"

"Because, my dear one, I wanted to let him go on for a little, to see what he would do with the poor people in his power."

"And how is he going on?"

"Easy enough, so far; but I know that he is a deep one, as young as he is. He is enrolling all the rascals he can muster in his troop, and he is drilling them right well. The old castle has over a hundred yeomen in it now; and they are all mounted and armed as well as the best troops in the regular army."

"Then he is certain to strike at you, Donal!"

"He will, if he is able. I sent him word, for the fun of it, that his guide from Cork was young King Kerry; and I know that he has been sent here by his father to crush me."

"Then you will be careful, dear Donal. Can I tell father who he is?"

"To be sure, but keep the secret to yourselves for the present, as I want to surprise him. Does he suspect who I am, Kathleen?"

"He does not; your secret is well guarded so far, brave Donal; but, oh, I fear that terrible times are before you!"

"Don't fear for me, my darling; but be on your guard against that young scamp."

"You may be sure I will."

The young lovers conversed for some time after, and then the daring youth made his way toward the town, where he encountered Jack Cade in a tavern frequented by the yeomen.

The young pugilist was acting as a recruiting sergeant for his captain, and he insisted on the strapping young countryman enlisting in the troop, which was then called the Bears of Beara Castle.

Donal refused the honor, and Jack Cade set to work to give him a taste of his prowess as a boxer.

Jack Cade arrived at Beara Castle that night with a broken nose and other facial embellishments and with a strange story for his captain.

He had received a terrible drubbing from young Donal in a fair fight, the young countryman getting off without a scratch.

The young stranger had scarcely left the tavern, when Jack Cade discovered that his masterly opponent was Young King Kerry himself.

"I tell you what, sir," said Jack to his master, "'e's a 'ummer, that's what he is. 'Tis just a shame as 'ow we can't take the cove over to Lunnun, and we'd make a fortune on 'im hagain Holiver."

"Why in the blazes didn't you have the young rascal made prisoner, you danged idiot?" demanded the young officer.

"'Cause as 'ow we couldn't find the cove, sir; and they say as 'ow he goes haround where 'e likes, rigged hup in different costumes."

"I'll rig him up on the gallows soon. Did you find out his real name, and whether he ever visits Miss O'Donohue?"

"Nary a find hout, sir. Them Hirish in town be as dumb has a hoyster concerning the young cove's real name, hif 'e 'as hany hother."

"Go doctor your face, as I'll want to send you on a message to town to-morrow. And so he can handle his mauley's, Jack?"

"Don't talk, sir. Hi'd bet two to one on 'im hagain the best cove 'ome. Hi couldn't keep my guards with 'im nohow, and 'is right hand left did play on my noddle just like drumsticks."

"A foeman worthy of my steel, indeed," muttered the young Englishman to himself; "but I'll go for him with a rush in a

few days. I only hope he cares for the fair Lilly of Killarney, and then I will strike him in a tender spot."

Captain Grandon called on the O'Donohues on the following evening, but the fair girl and her father refused to receive him.

He sent a business letter to the old gentleman next morning, when it was returned with a note, in which the O'Donohue declined to have any business dealings with Captain Grandon.

And then wasn't the young scamp in a rage.

Clenching his hands and grinding his teeth, he hissed forth:

"Can it be possible that they suspect who I am, when I have been so careful? It don't matter a straw; but I swear that the fair Lilly of Killarney will be humbled before long, and I will not be suspected in the matter. Now to scourge the Irish on the estate, as father directed, and to get this King Kerry into a trap. My Bears will growl, and claw, and hug-with a vengeance ere long."

### CHAPTER III.

#### WHO STOLE THE FAIR LILLY?

Captain Grandon and his Bears set to work on the large estate like so many wolves, and the wildest excitement soon prevailed in the neighborhood.

The farmers who would not, or could not, pay exorbitant rents were turned out on the roadside, and horses, cows, sheep and pigs were seized and taken to the extensive inclosures near Beara Castle.

The fierce, brutal yeomen abused the unarmed farmers, insulted their wives and daughters, and they strung up seven brave young fellows who dared to defend their female relatives.

Cries were then heard on all sides for King Kerry and his Men of the Mountain, and the appeals were soon answered.

That unknown youth sallied down one night with over fifty horsemen and attacked the inclosures near Beara Castle.

The thirty yeomen guarding the large flocks were slain or made prisoners to a man, seven of them being hung up while alive on the trees close by, with the following words written on a slip of paper on each body:

"To make amends for the brave Irish youths recently hung by the Bears of Beara.

"KING KERRY."

All the horses and cows were driven off to the mountain, and King Kerry and his band retreated with them without losing a man.

Then up to the mountain strongholds flocked those who had been driven from their homes, the women and children to live on the cattle and other provisions to be obtained by bold acts, and the able men to fight under the banner of King Kerry.

Captain Grandon swore like a fiend on the following morning when he heard of the disaster.

He then set about to recruit more yeomen, and to issue a proclamation offering a thousand pounds reward for young King Kerry's head.

The young Englishman fortified the old castle also, and he never rode abroad without a strong guard, while he did not forget the fair Lilly of Killarney.

Jack Cade was set to act as a spy on the young girl, who was only seventeen.

He noticed that she often rode up the mountain-side on her fleet white horse, and that she went out alone on the lakes in a small boat in the evening, using a single oar as a scull.



The spy also discovered that Kathleen would often meet an old peasant in the grove near her father's old castle, when they would go out together to the largest island on the lakes.

The fair girl's father was a helpless invalid, and he was never seen abroad.

A week passed away after the raid by the men from the mountain, and Captain Grandon and King Kerry were both mustering their forces for a fierce warfare.

The former aimed to penetrate into the mountain strongholds and crush the Irish Rob Roy in his chosen retreats.

And the gallant young Irishman hoped to sally down in force, to drive the ruthless yeomen from the land of his forefathers.

Through all the warlike preparations and alarms, Captain Grandon did not forgive or forget the fair Lilly of Killarney.

As the sweet girl was beloved and honored throughout Kerry, the plotting young rascal dare not show an open hand in his designs on her.

He had the power and the willing tools, yet he must move in a cautious manner.

One evening in early June a small party of English tourists arrived in Killarney and put up at the principal hotel.

Two of the party rode on horseback, and the others traveled in a covered carriage.

The party consisted of six in all, including the driver of the carriage.

The five tourists and the driver spent the following day on the lakes and in visiting the islands.

No other strange visitors were in Killarney at the time owing to the warlike state of the country.

On that evening, soon after dusk, Kathleen O'Donohue kissed her father as he was about to close his eyes in sleep.

"Heaven bless you, dear Kathleen," said the old gentleman, "and be careful of the hangdog yeomen, as I hear they are at their cruel work again."

"Don't trouble about me, dear father," was the confident reply, "as you know I will be with one who is able to protect me."

Kathleen then went forth to the grove with a light, hooded cloak over her.

In the grove awaited an old peasant, who gave the sweet girl a tender kiss.

"I am so glad to spend this evening with you, my darling," he said, "as it is hard to tell when I will have a few hours to spare again."

"Then you are ready to offer battle, Donal?"

"About fairly ready only; but we'll give the villains a good fight. We want more horses and pistols, but we will win them from the enemy, like the knights of old."

They walked down to the lake together; and the pretended old man, who wore a gray wig and a flowing beard, seized the oar to scull the little boat out to that fair island called Innisfallen.

The moon was peeping out from behind a cloud as the boat touched the pebbly beach.

Donal cast his eyes around the lake ere he led the fair girl to a rustic seat a little distance in from the beach.

"Not another boat near us to-night, my darling," he said. "Oh, if Captain Grandon knew that I was here alone with you, with only this stick as a weapon, how he would pounce on me."

"But isn't it foolish for you to come down without your pistols, Donal?"

"It is wise, my darling. If any of the prowling yeomen caught an old man like me with pistols on him, they'd hang me on the nearest tree."

"But what if one of his spies should detect who you are, and with me?"

"Then I'll have to trust to my legs and to the blackthorn, my dear."

"Then trust to them, you Irish fool!" yelled a rough voice behind them.

A startled cry burst from Kathleen as five men with large pistols sprang at her young friend on all sides, and another rascal seized her and put his hand on her mouth, saying:

"Not a scream from you, fair Lilly of Killarney, or we'll put the young rebel to death before your eyes. Knock the life out of the rascal!"

Donal was on his feet at the first sound of the strange voice, and his good stick was in full play ere his five assailants could close on him.

Two of them went down with as many flourishes of the stick, and Donal had opened a passage to the boat.

But King Kerry did not dream of flying while the girl he loved was in danger, and he sprang to strike down the wretch who held her, yelling:

"You villain, take that for touching the young lady. What, a false blow from behind!"

One of his assailants struck Donal on the back of the head with a heavy pistol, and the young man fell forward.

Yet he rallied again while on his knees, and the blackthorn swept around him as he cried:

"You cowardly dogs! I'd like to take a dozen of you, man for man. Ah!"

The brave youth received another stunning blow from behind, and he fell senseless on the ground.

"Away with the young lady in the big boat," cried the leader of the wretches, "and the others will tend to this young customer."

Poor Kathleen had fainted with terror on seeing brave Donal knocked lifeless on the ground, and she did not recover her senses again until she found herself in the stern of the large boat, which was moving out from the island toward the silent shore.

The cloak was wrapped over her head, and she was reclining against a man wearing a black mask on his face.

Four men, who also wore masks, were working at the oars. The good creature could see so much by peeping out from under the cloak before she displayed any sign of returning animation.

After a few moments of feverish reflection, and believing that her beloved young hero was sleeping in death on the island, Kathleen mentally exclaimed:

"Oh, what a fate may be in store for me now, and dear Donal dead! Father cannot live long; and what have I to live for? Ah, yes, welcome death before—"

The fair girl did not finish the mental sentence, and she sprang suddenly up in the boat and plunged over the stern into the lake, as she exclaimed:

"Beloved lake, welcome me to your embrace! Dear Donal, I go to meet you in death!"

## CHAPTER IV.

### A MYSTERY OF THE LAKES.

Did anyone see my young mistress?"

Such was the cry sent out in the town of Killarney on the following morning by a rosk-cheeked young servant girl, who ran from house to house.

The girl's name was Nancy Joyce, and she was the early playmate and humble companion of the famous beauty known as the Lilly of Killarney.

Nancy and her aged mother was the only female servants



left in the household of The O'Donohue for years, and they were both devotedly attached to the young lady and her invalid father.

A red-haired boy of sixteen followed the girl around the town, and his little gray eyes were bursting from their sockets as he kept crying:

"What villain stole the young mistress?"

The boy was known as Florry the Fox, and he was the only male servant left to the poor old gentleman.

Florry's chief care was to tend to the white mare belonging to the young lady, and to watch over the fair girl herself when she rode forth over the hills.

The white mare was the fleetest animal in the neighborhood, and Kathleen O'Donohue was a reckless rider, yet Florry could always manage to keep them in sight, while he had a weapon ever ready to defend his young mistress in the hour of danger.

The excited pair soon raised a wild commotion in the little town by their anxious cries, but they would not stop to answer any questions put to them.

The excitement increased as the girl neared the principal tavern in the town with the red-haired boy close behind her, and a crowd gathered and rolled after them.

"The yeomen stole the O'Donohue's fair daughter," yelled a big butcher.

"They whipped her away to Beara Castle," cried another rough fellow.

"There's work in earnest for young King Kerry now," yelled an old cobbler, as he tucked up his apron and flourished his well-worn knife, "and we'll all strike a blow for the darling."

A number of the hated yeomen were gathered at the tavern as the girl drew near.

It was then closing on ten o'clock.

Captain Grandon drew his men together as he saw the commotion, and he then turned to an old gentleman standing on the front steps of the tavern.

"You can now see, Mr. Isaacs," the young officer said, "a specimen of the neighbors you will have if you purchase the estate."

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders and spoke to a younger man at his side.

"What you thinks, Jacob?" he inquired.

The young man stared at the gathering mob for a few moments and answered:

"Not half as bad as our friends in London, sir."

Captain Grandon stepped out in front of the excited girl and demanded:

"Who are you crying out about, and what is the row, girl?"

"Did anyone see my young mistress?" was the girl's half-distracted answer, as she wrung her hands and glared around in agony.

"What villain stole the young mistress?" yelled Florry the Fox, as he brandished a short stick, at the end of which was an old pike. "Show him to me, till I have his life."

Nancy Joyce was about to run on, when Captain Grandon held his sword in front of her, and his men blocked the roadway with weapons drawn.

"Hold on, girl," the young officer cried, "and tell me what is the matter."

"My young mistress is lost—spirited away—stolen from the castle. Let me go find her," sobbed the excited girl.

"Show me the villain," yelled Florry, "and I'll soon put a bloody end to him."

"Who is your young mistress?" demanded Captain Grandon, as he frowned at the boy.

The girl cast a scornful glance at the young officer, as she replied:

"And is it ye that's after asking me who me young mistress

is, when ye came to the castle after her so often, with yer smiles, and your bows, and your soft words?"

"De you allude to Miss Kathleen O'Donohue, girl?"

"To be sure. Oh, murder on me, to think that she should go out in the little boat last night, and no one to see her since! The boat is afloat still, but me darling mistress is gone."

"And I'll have the life of the villain that took her!" cried Florry the Fox.

The old gentleman and the young man on the steps of the tavern exchanged significant glances, and they bent their ears to listen.

It was very evident that they were Hebrews of the better class, both being dressed in fashionable London garments, and each wearing gold-rimmed spectacles.

The older man was tall and a little stooped in the shoulders, with a full, grayish beard, flowing down on his broad breast, and with a pair of piercing black eyes under his heavy brows.

The young man sported a mustache and side whiskers, he was a little below the medium height, and he had a shapely form and a handsome face.

Captain Grandon appeared to be very much excited over the disappearance of the young lady, and he held Nancy by the shoulder as he questioned her with all the airs and authority of a soldier magistrate.

The yeomen formed in front of the tavern and presented their weapons at the excited crowd, their young leader crying:

"Keep order, you rascals, or I'll hang some of you."

The mob fell back, as the rough fellows composing it had no arms wherewith to oppose the well-disciplined foemen.

Then Nancy Joyce told her story.

Fair Kathleen O'Donohue left the old castle on the previous evening, telling her father that she was going out on the lakes in the small boat, and she was not seen thereafter.

The boat was found floating on the large lake in the morning, and the white mare was neighing in the stable, but the fair young girl was not to be found on the shores or on the hills.

"Florry here and meself," continued the half-crazed Nancy, "searched for her high and low, and with the three foxhounds, but never a trace of her can we find. The poor old master is dying of grief, and we'll die with him if she is lost!"

Captain Grandon sighed as he had lost his dearest friend as he responded:

"I fear the young lady must have perished in the lake!"

"Not at all, not at all," replied the boy, "as the white mare is alive and kicking."

The young officer glared at Florry.

"What has the white mare got to do with the young lady being drowned in the lake?" he asked.

"Sure, sir," answered the girl, "and don't you know the old story of the family?"

"I don't, and what is it?"

"Indeed, and it is said that the O'Donohues will never die out while one of the white breed of the horses be alive; and the darling Miss Kathleen is the last of her race, after her poor father, who hasn't long to live."

"What nonsense! Let us out with boats and look for the body."

And the young officer hastened away to the edge of the water, followed by several of his own men.

Several boats were soon out on the lakes, the boatmen of the town vying with the yeomen in dragging for the body of the fair girl.

The islands were also searched; but no trace could be found of the young lady, or of the disguised youth who was her companion on the previous night.

Old O'Donohue did not speak of young King Kerry in con-



nection with the disappearance of his daughter, though he was well aware that he was her companion on the previous night.

While the search was going on, mysterious rumors flew around the town regarding the young outlaw of the hills.

Some of his followers had entered the town that morning in search of him; and they stated that he had left the main rendezvous in disguise early on the previous evening, stating that he would be back before midnight, to lead them on an important expedition against the hated yeomen.

Night approached, and no tidings could be obtained of the fair Lilly of Killarney.

The outlaws of the hills were searching in vain for their young chief.

The two Jews remained at the tavern, and they appeared to be deeply interested in the fate of Kathleen O'Donohue.

They had arrived at the tavern on the previous evening; and the old man bore a warm letter of introduction from the Earl of Denmore to Captain Grandon.

In that letter the old nobleman stated that the bearer, Mr. Isaacs, was a very wealthy gentleman of London, who desired to invest in an Irish estate.

Captain Grandon was called on by his father to show all courtesy to the visitors.

"They are not to know that you are my son," the latter continued, "but you have full power to treat with them for the sale of the estate. Show it up to them in the best light, and sell it as soon as possible, when you can be off to the war in Spain—always provided that you have crushed Young King Kerry."

Captain Grandon was very busy that day, and it was eight o'clock in the evening before he appeared at the tavern to tend to his visitors.

"You must excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "but I had a duty to perform to-day that could not be put off."

"You seem deeply interested in this lost Irish maiden, sir," remarked the old Hebrew.

"I am. I feel certain that she was borne away or put to death in the lakes by the young fiend of an Irish outlaw, whom the Earl of Denmore may have spoken to you about."

"You allude to the Irish Rob Roy, known as Young King Kerry?"

"Yes, and I have been in quest of the rascal on the mountain to-day."

"With what result, captain?"

"I could not find the young thief, and his followers have dispersed. One of the woman prisoners we captured on the mountain swears that he was taken or slain by our men last night, but I know better."

"Then what has become of this famous young personage?" inquired the young Hebrew, who spoke with a decided lisp.

"I believe that he has either fled from the country with the young lady who disappeared last night, or that he is holding her as a prisoner in one of his secret hiding-places on the mountains."

"Were they lovers, then?" asked the old gentleman.

"No; but the young thief must have received important private information ahead concerning the young lady, that caused him to look on her as a great prize."

Captain Grandon then went on to explain that he had just paid a visit to old O'Donohue, who informed him that he had just received joyous news from Dublin.

The old Irish gentleman had been for years engaged in a lawsuit with the Earl of Denmore, regarding a large tract of the most valuable land claimed by the English nobleman.

The highest court in Ireland had just decided in favor of The O'Donohue; and the poor gentleman who was almost a beggar yesterday, would now be able to leave his beloved daughter a splendid property.

The lost Lilly of Killarney would be a wealthy heiress in her own right, and she would be free to wed with a gentleman, an outlaw, or a beggar, as she pleased.

"Then the decision will cut off the best portion of the Earl of Denmore's estate here in Kerry," remarked Mr. Isaacs, as he interchanged a peculiar glance with his handsome son.

"It will," replied Captain Grandon; "and hence I swear to slay young King Kerry before he can wed the young lady by force."

"Gad," remarked the young Hebrew, "but the pretty creature is a prize worth striving for—if she lives."

"She is alive, and— What is it now, Jack?"

Jack Cade entered the private parlor where they were seated, and his face was flushed with excitement.

Drawing his young master aside, the pugilist whispered to him:

"Bless my heyces, if the rebel cove hasn't sloped, sir."

"Who do you mean, you Tom Fool?"

"Young King Kerry! When I sent down to the cell to give the cove 'is bread and water this hevening, 'e was mizzled. 'Twas like magic."

A terrible imprecation burst from the young officer; but he soon turned to his guests, saying:

"My sergeant brings me word that the rebels are forming on the hills again, and I must return to defend the castle. If you please to venture there with me, you will be most welcome."

The old Hebrew and his son consulted together over the proposition, when they willingly agreed to set forth to the dangerous castle under the protection of the gallant captain and his brave yeomen.

They all set out on horseback soon after, the young Hebrew declaring:

"I would dearly love to meet the famous Irish Rob Roy, and I pray that the fair Lilly of Killarney will live to select her own husband."

Captain Grandon cast a jealous glance at the handsome young man, and muttered to himself:

"If I thought you had any chance in the race, you'd die a dog's death in the castle."

The old Hebrew and his son rode on fearlessly in the midst of the yeomen, and Captain Grandon endeavored to terrify them by telling fearful stories about the outlaws of the mountain.

The strangers chuckled to themselves now and again, while the old man would mutter:

"The young dog is playing a deep game, and it is a rich treat to be here and watch him. The Jewish maiden is a treasure, and I will back her to the death in the struggle."

That old Hebrew was the stern Earl of Denmore himself, and his companion was a beautiful Jewish maiden, who is destined to play an important part in the tragic events foreshadowed.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE CASTLE OF THE BEARS.

"Where am I?"

The words were uttered by the youth known as King Kerry, when he found himself lying in a dark, damp cell.

It was early morning after the night of the assault on the island, but not a ray of light appeared in the deep dungeon.

"Kathleen! Kathleen!" continued the youth, as he endeavored to rise.

The clanking of an iron chain was the only answer to the appeal.

King Kerry put a hand on one of his ankles, only to find



that he was secured to the stone wall of the dungeon by heavy manacles.

"I am a prisoner in Killarney jail," he muttered; "but I pray that no harm has come to my dear Kathleen. Who could have betrayed me?"

A heavy bolt was withdrawn from the iron door of the cell, and a tall man, wearing a mask, soon appeared before the prisoner.

The light of a lantern streamed into the cell as the masked man entered.

The fellow placed a jug of water and a small loaf of coarse bread near the prisoner, and he was about to withdraw in silence when King Kerry asked:

"Where am I, good man?"

The jailer placed a hand to his own lips as he briefly responded:

"Mum is the word."

And he retired, bolting the door after him.

The prisoner had time enough to glance around the cell while the light appeared.

"This is not the Killarney jail," he muttered, as the door closed on him; "and I must be either in Cork or in Beara Castle. I'd give my life to know about dear Kathleen."

Donal's legs were secured, but his arms were free. And his captors could not chain his active mind.

Although he felt some pain from the wounds he had received on the head, the young prisoner seized the loaf and commenced his simple meal.

"All is not lost yet," he said to himself, "if dear Kathleen is only out of danger. My head is dizzy, but I must rouse myself."

The bread was soon dispatched, the water washed it down, and King Kerry pressed his aching head on his arms to rest and to ponder.

Then a soft slumber stole over him; and he dreamt that he saw Kathleen O'Donohue, arrayed in rich robes, standing before an altar, with Captain Grandon by her side.

"Don't wed the villain," cried the youth, as he awoke in terror, to find himself still lying on the cold flag of the cell.

"Hush, acushla!" whispered a cracked voice near him, as if in reply, "and I'll soon take ye out of here."

King Kerry recognized the voice on the instant.

"That you, Norry?" he said. "Then I must be in the old castle."

"To be sure, Master Donal, but ye won't be here very long if we have luck."

"How long have I been here?"

"Since near midnight last night, and 'tis near evening of the next day now."

"Where is the young lady?"

"That's more than I can tell, young master; but 'tis whispered that she was drowned in the lake last night, the darlin'."

A groan escaped from King Kerry as the withered old woman led him from the cell, drawing the bolts on the iron door again.

"Are you certain the yeomen didn't bring her here, Norry?" he asked in faint tones.

"Sure and certain. Hush now, on your life, as we are not safe yet. Ye must be off to the hills, as yer people will be dying about ye."

"I won't leave the castle yet, Norry."

"And why not, young master?"

"Because I am certain that Miss Kathleen lives, and that the rascals will bring her ere long. You know what I am and that I will have my way."

"Oh, but I pray you'll not come to grief, Master Donal," groaned the old woman, "as the place is full of the yeomen, and how can I hide you at all?"

"I'll see to that, Norry. Let us get out to the vaults, and I'll tell you what to do."

It was after nine o'clock that night when Captain Grandon and his visitors arrived at the huge old building which was recently known as the Castle of the Bears.

The castle was situated within a mile of the foot of a large mountain, and at the head of a deep inlet from the sea.

It was well protected with high, strong walls, immense iron gates, and with cannon commanding the approaches from land and water.

A fertile valley ran along below the mountain, with romantic streams and woods here and there.

The moon was shining as the strangers rode along the valley.

"What a deuced pretty country," lisped the pretended young Hebrew, as he gazed around the charming valley and at the old castle.

"Yes," replied the young officer; "I believe now with Cromwell that it is a land worth fighting for."

"Then I will purchase what is left of the earl's estate," remarked the old rogue, "if you manage to get rid of young King Kerry."

Captain Grandon winced a little.

"And would that I could meet the fair young Irish lady," said Jacob, with a merry smile, "and we may arrange to join the property again."

Captain Grandon winced again as he said to himself:

"I'll have to give this Jewish puppy a good fright at the castle. Hang it all, but I'd like to punch his head well!"

Yet the young officer received his visitors with all honors.

About a hundred and fifty mounted yeomen were gathered in the castle, and in the extensive stables and outbuildings.

Almost as many more were out scouting in quest of the outlaws.

A good supper was soon prepared for the visitors, at which the wine flowed freely, but the young Hebrew did not indulge much.

He did rise, however, cup in hand, as he cried:

"Here's to the fair Lilly of Killarney, and may she wed the man she loves best!"

"And death to the wretch who bore her away!" cried a strange voice as if coming from the ceiling.

A heavy object struck the center of the supper-table at the same instant.

All around the board sprang to their feet, and the old Hebrew seized a dagger which had pierced the table, and on which a piece of folded white paper appeared.

"What's this?" he cried, as he glared at the dagger and at the paper. "A message for you in writing, Captain Grandon."

The young officer's hand trembled a little as he seized the folded paper addressed to himself, and stared at the ceiling as he cried aloud:

"There's a spy in the castle! Up with you, men, and search the apartments above!"

Several of the yeomen in the hallway dashed up the broad stairway, and the old Hebrew remarked:

"A rebel trick, I presume."

"An arrow through the window would be more romantic," lisped the young Hebrew, without evincing the least alarm.

Captain Grandon was glaring at the note thus sent to him, and which contained the following warning:

"Beware, profligate wretch, how you trifle with the fair maiden you know of. This is to warn you that another dagger will seek your black heart if she is not at once restored to her father's home.

"YOUNG KING KERRY."



Captain Grandon laughed scornfully as he thrust the note in his pocket.

"A message from the Irish Rob Roy," he said to his guests. "He has a spy among my men; but I'll soon detect the rascal."

And the young officer darted out of the dining-room to go in quest of the spy.

The officers at the board followed his example, leaving the disguised friends alone together.

"What do you make of it, Jacob?" asked the old nobleman, with a sly grin.

"There's **no** proof that he has the girl yet, sir."

"If he has, she must be concealed in this place, and we must find her."

"If she were concealed here, sir, young King Kerry's spy would find her. No! Captain Grandon is too cunning for that."

"She may not be here now," continued the earl, "but he will bring her here when the storm blows over."

"Not while this King Kerry lives and flourishes, sir."

The disguised friends spoke in subdued tones, fully bearing out the characters they had assumed.

"Do you think he suspects either of us, Jacob?"

"I am certain that he does not, and were we not well tested before leaving London? The fickle wretch is in love with this Irish beauty, and he will wed her if he can."

"He is a false knave, I fear," growled the old earl; "but we are here to baffle him."

The disguised girl drew closer to the old earl, saying in impressive tones:

"Do you know what has occurred to me, sir, since we arrived in this dreary castle?"

"What has occurred to you?"

"If we should be recognized by your false son, by any chance, it would prove fatal to us."

The old earl started as if alarmed at the suggestion, and he struck the table with his clenched fist as he responded:

"Gad, that never occurred to me before. Yes, all the fellows around him are his sworn creatures, and he is fiend enough, I fear, to put me out of the way if he should penetrate my disguise, as he could then be heir to my title and all I possess."

"And he would be free to marry the charming Irish heiress if I were out of the way, sir. I do not fear trouble, yet I see our danger."

"Then we will be on the alert, as he is as keen as he is cruel. What a curse to me that I should have such a son!"

"Yet he has a brave heart, sir, and we may redeem him yet."

"I fear not; but he must reform, or I will send him forth on the world as a beggar. Be on your guard, my dear, as I fear his secret treachery more than the open enmity of Young King Kerry."

"How I should like to see this Irish Rob Roy sir, as he must be a gallant youth, from all I have heard about him."

The old earl was about to respond, when loud cries were heard from the broad stairway and in the hall above, mingled with the clashing of steel and the reports of small firearms.

Then Captain Grandon was heard above the din, as he cried:

"Don't slay the rascal. Close on him and disarm him. Make way for me."

The old earl and his companion were about to hasten to the door of the dining-room, when it was burst open, and a young man in the garb of a peasant rushed in.

He was closely followed by five or six of the yeomen and Captain Grandon, all of whom flourished swords and pistols.

The young peasant held a smoking pistol in one hand and a huge sword in the other, and he sprang on the large table, as he cried:

"Man to man, I defy the whole of you, or two to one at that."

"'Tis young King Kerry himself," cried Captain Grandon, as he sprang toward the table. "Back, all of you, and I'll deal with him."

"Fair play, in the name of old England," loudly lisped the pretended young Hebrew, drawing the old earl back from the table. "And is that really young King Kerry?"

"Yes, I am young King Kerry," cried the outlaw, as he turned a moment and fixed his flashing eyes on the speaker; "and I thank you, young sir, for your honest appeal. Up here on the table with you, Captain Grandon, if you are able to conquer me like a man. Then I'll face your best men two at a time."

A loud crash followed, as the young outlaw, with a swift movement of his feet, swept the large table clear of crockery, glasses and bottles.

## CHAPTER VI.

### "FAIR PLAY FOREVER."

"Back, men!" cried Captain Grandon, as the yeomen thronged into the large dining-room. "I accept the rebel's challenge."

"More lights," cried the disguised girl, "and fair play for the young rebel. Why, father, we did not expect such a rare treat."

"That is true, Jacob, and it will be rich."

"More lights!" cried Captain Grandon as he confronted his young foe on the table. "And so you dare to meet me with swords, King Kerry?"

"You show the rebel dog too much favor, captain," growled the old earl in his disguised tones.

"Oh, cry fair play forever, father," lisped Jacob, as more lights are produced, "and do not spoil the splendid sport, I beg you."

The girl then whispered to the old earl:

"Did you not tell me that Lovejoy was one of the best swordsmen in his regiment?"

"Yes; but he shows too much favor to the young rebel dog. Listen, and he will be asking terms."

And so it appeared.

King Kerry held up his sword as if to claim attention as he cried:

"Foemen all, you now fancy that I am in your power, I presume?"

"So you are," answered Captain Grandon. "And I am but sparing you the while to show you that I am your master with the sword."

"Then I am to be put to death if I should conquer you?"

"What else could you expect, coming here as a spy and an outlaw?"

"You know that I was brought here as a prisoner, and that I—"

"Peace, rebel knave, and let us see if you can use your sword."

"You must hear me, ere we fight, Captain Grandon, in the spirit of fair play."

"Fair play forever!" cried the young Hebrew.

Captain Grandon scowled down at the speaker.

"Do not forget that you are a guest here, young sir," he cried.

"And a free-born Englishman, captain. Then I cry fair play forever!"

"Silence, Jacob," growled the old earl.

"I only wish to say," continued Young King Kerry, "that I could escape, had I so desired, and I do not despair yet, begirt



as I am. When we met before, Captain Grandon, you said that you wished to meet me with swords."

"And I will honor you with crossing weapons now, rebel fool, ere I put you to death, but I will make no terms with you."

"Were you in my place in my stronghold on the mountain I swear that I would offer you terms."

"That is but an idle boast, and we can never stand on equal terms. You are an outlawed rebel, and I am the king's officer."

"I am a human being, fighting for life and land, and you are but a——"

"Peace, peace, rebel dog, and fight with a gentleman as a dying honor, as your body will soon dangle from the walls of the castle."

The young officer struck suddenly at King Kerry as he made the threat, and the latter was off his guard for the moment.

"Fair play forever!" cried the young stranger as he saw the sword touching the young rebel's shoulder.

"Silence, Jacob!" cried the old earl.

The opponents were then facing each other in the center of the large table, and the yeomen surrounded them on all sides with their weapons ready.

The old earl watched the contest with intense interest, as he was proud of his son in a way, and he did not wish to see him defeated by the famous young rebel.

The disguised girl enjoyed the scene in the highest degree; and she also hoped for the success of the young English profigate, while she mentally vowed that young King Kerry must have fair play.

It was brilliant work on both sides for some minutes, Captain Grandon acting on the aggressive, and gradually displaying all the tricks of fence he had acquired under the best masters in London.

Yet the young Irish Rob Roy did not give way a single inch, his clear, manly voice ringing out in chorus with the clashing of the steel:

"I denounce you, Captain Grandon," he cried, at the first onset, "as a false-hearted scoundrel, and let those who hear me know that I accuse you of stealing Miss Kathleen O'Donohue."

"I'll thrust that lie down your throat, rebel hound," retorted the accused, as he aimed a savage thrust at the speaker.

"It is the truth. You bore her away last night when you assailed me, and made me prisoner. The young gentleman who calls out fair play will heed my words."

"Fair play forever," responded the disguised girl.

"Silence, Jacob," cried the old earl.

"Who will believe a dying rebel?" said Captain Grandon, as he made another desperate thrust at his opponent's throat.

King Kerry parried the effort, and cried:

"It is the truth. If you do not return the young lady to her father I swear that to take your life, even though my ghost had to rise from the grave to slay you."

Captain Grandon was getting fearfully enraged, and he made another lightning-like movement against his steadfast foe, as he yelled:

"Rebel dog, you have stolen the young lady yourself, knowing that she is an heiress, and I will torture the truth out of you."

King Kerry grew a little enraged at the audacious accusation, and he struck back at last with such fury as to force his opponent close to the end of the table.

"Rally, rally!" cried the old earl, as he saw his son faltering. "To the rescue behind there!"

Two of the yeomen sprang up on the table behind King Kerry.

"Fair play—fair play!" screamed the disguised girl as she

saw the rascals advancing behind the young rebel. "Look behind, King Kerry!"

The young rebel dashed the sword from Captain Grandon's hand, dealing him a rude blow on the breast with some flourish.

The young officer went flying backward from the table and into the arms of the yeomen below, yelling:

"Secure the rebel dog!"

King Kerry wheeled about with his huge sword uplifted, and one sweep of the weapon sent the two treacherous foes from the table.

Several others sprang up to attack him, Captain Grandon still crying:

"Take him alive and we'll hang him!"

Young Kerry made one dash around the board, his huge sword circling around his head as it bore down his foes, until he reached an end within about ten feet of an open window.

The gallant fellow then made a sudden bound over the heads and weapons of his numerous foes on the floor, and he reached the open window, crying:

"I will live to rescue the Lilly of Killarney."

The dining-room was on the first floor of the castle, but the high window was over twelve feet above the courtyard, which was thronged with yeomen, who were all on the alert.

"Take the rascal alive!" yelled Captain Grandon, as he dashed to the window, "as I have sworn to hang him from the walls."

"Take me if you can," cried young King Kerry, as he paused at the elevated window, casting one glance down at his toes in the courtyard and another over his shoulder at those in the dining-room.

Most of the yeomen who had witnessed the fight on the table were then hastening out as if hoping to take a hand in the capture of the daring outlaw.

King Kerry wheeled about suddenly and sprang over those near the window, and made a dash for the open door, crying:

"My corpse will not dangle on the walls to-night."

## CHAPTER VII.

### JACK CADE'S DISCOVERY.

Only two of the yeomen were left at the door of the dining-room to oppose the daring young rebel, and he swept them aside and down on the hallway like so many stalks.

Then up the broad stairway he dashed, with Captain Grandon and three of the soldiers after him.

"Fire at him now!" yelled the young officer, as he saw King Kerry gaining the upper landing, "ere he is into his hiding-place."

"Don't fire! don't fire!" screamed the disguised girl. "It is a shame to kill such a brave youth, and I——"

"Silence, Jacob!" cried the disguised earl, "and you are forgetting yourself."

The girl groaned as she heard the pistol-shots above, and she darted out on the stairway.

"I will not die to-night!" cried King Kerry from above, "and I will live to rescue the young lady or to avenge her."

The young hero's voice was then dying away, and he was invisible to those in pursuit.

"Come up here in force, men," cried Captain Grandon, "and we'll hunt the rebel fox out of his den again."

"I pray that he may escape," said the Jewish girl to the earl, as they drew back into the dining-room again. "It is a shame."

"See here, puss," interrupted the earl, as he clapped his



hand on the girl's mouth, "you are smitten by the young rebel, and you'll betray us."

They were alone in the room, while the yeomen were flocking up in search of the young rebel.

The disguised girl flung herself on a chair and listened eagerly.

"I am not smitten, sir," she answered, "but I could die for the love of such a youth one short year ago."

"I must admit that he is a gallant fellow; but you must not get excited about him, or Lovejoy will smell a rat. As it is, he has a suspicious eye on you."

"He is a wretch, and not a true Englishman."

"Nonsense! We cannot treat Irish rebels as we would lawless foes."

"That youth is a gentleman, every inch of him, sir, and I'd trust my life and honor in his hands a thousand times sooner than——"

"I know, I know. You do not despise Lovejoy more than I do, but he is my son, and remember our mission here."

"Would that I could forget it, or him, either."

And they continued to converse in subdued tones, while a deadly terror was stealing over the stout-hearted old earl at the thought of his wicked son discovering his identity in that lawless country, where he had given him so much power.

In the meantime the yeomen could not find young King Kerry.

The outlaw had disappeared suddenly on the second landing, with a cry of defiance on his lips, and they hunted throughout the castle for him for an hour in vain.

When the search was over, Jack Cade drew his young master into a private room, and there was a peculiar grin on the pugilist's face.

"What is it now, you rascal?" demanded the young officer, impatiently.

"Blow my blooming heyes, sir, but 'ere's a rare go for you, no doubt. This cove has just made a rich discovery."

"Have you discovered where the blasted rebel is concealed, then?"

"Not much, master, as I'm on another lay. Did you twig that young Jew swell?"

"I did, and I'll pull his big nose for him before he leaves here."

"Oh, my heyes, my heyes, but this is a rare go. Why, master, that there young Jew is Miss Rachel Phillips, what you was so soft on."

"What! Jack, you are a confounded idiot, and no mistake."

"That may be, my lord, but Hi'll back my opinion with a five-pound note. Just twig 'er well when you go down again, and——"

A terrible imprecation from the young officer interrupted the pugilist, the former turning as white as the wall, as he gasped out:

"The voice was familiar, Jack. What in the name of furies brought her here, and who can the old man be, as he isn't her father?"

"'Tis the hearl 'imself, master!"

"My father!"

And the young rascal fell on a chair as he glared at his trusty spy.

Jack Cade hastened to give the young man some brandy, while he explained to him how he had made the important discovery.

The keen fellow had his eyes on the disguised pair since he met them in the tavern, and he watched and listened to them during the excitement attending the fight in the dining-room, when they were both somewhat off their guard.

A fiendish smile passed over the young rascal's face after

he swallowed the brandy, and he bent his head on his breast as if to ponder deeply.

Jack Cade watched his young master with inward chucklings, as he said to himself:

"Blow me, if this hain't a-going to be a deeper game than stealing a Hirish lady."

The old earl and the disguised Jewess had then retired to their separate bedrooms, but not to slumber, as they were both oppressed with a dread of evil at hand.

Captain Grandon pondered some time before entering into a confidential discourse with his clever spy, to whom he said, finally:

"It would all work nicely, Jack, if the blasted young rebel were only out of the way, and I must own that I fear him a little."

"But doesn't the young cove 'ate the hold hearl, master, worse than you?"

"Yes, as an English enemy; but he would, I fear, if he is in the castle yet, strike in his favor against me, and he is a brave one."

"That he is, sir; but we can play the young lady against the Hirish cove."

"So we will, Jack. You are the clever fellow; and your fortune is made, if we succeed. The old tyrant is here to spy on me; and I will show him and Rachel that I am too sharp for them. Let them play their game, and I'll play mine. I will strike for an earlship and for a fair bride, and I defy even my father and King Kerry to baffle me."

The young scamp felt enraged against his father for several reasons, and it needed but a slight spur and the opportunity to make them deadly enemies.

He hated the Jewish maiden because she was his wedded wife, although the private marriage had been kept secret up to that time; and he had become deeply infatuated with the fair Lilly of Killarney.

What was the stern old lord's object in visiting his Irish estate in disguise, and in the company of the young wife who had been deserted for three months?

It meant ruin and disgrace for the young rascal, were it not for Jack Cade's discovery.

Then, how was the cunning youth to profit by the discovery, and be free to wed Kathleen O'Donohue?

His relentless and tyrannical father must be put out of the way forever, and young King Kerry must have the crime brought home to him.

The Jewish maiden must suffer death also, and the Irish Rob Roy would have to shoulder the double outrage.

Before retiring to rest that night, Captain Grandon and Jack Cade planned out the terrible plot.

While they were thus engaged, bonfires blazed out on the mountain above them, and wild shouts of joy announced that young King Kerry had returned again, to lead his fellows against the yeomen.

The old earl and the Jewess slept some hours; and the morning light somewhat dispelled their fears.

Captain Grandon met them at the breakfast table with a smiling face. Yet he was a little cold in his bearing toward the lisping young man.

"What meant those lights on the mountain last night?" inquired the old earl.

"It means that the young rebel escaped from the castle, sir," answered Captain Grandon, "and he was mustering his men for another raid."

"Then you will strike at him soon, I presume?"

"This very night."

"Would it not be better to march at them in the daylight?"

"We could not find them, as they would hide or disperse at our approach. We must steal a march on the rascals."



It was then agreed that the visitors should ride out over the estate that afternoon under a strong escort of the yeomen.

Captain Grandon accompanied the visitors, and Jack Cade rode in advance with another band, spreading the news that the strange Englishman had purchased the estate.

It was also rumored that the new landlord was a fearful tyrant over his tenants in England; that he was a Jew who would have "his pound of flesh" in high rents, and that he would soon root out all the old Irish settlers.

The people in Killarney soon heard that King Kerry was on the mountains again.

Then a whisper flew around to the effect that the young Irish outlaw had borne away Kathleen O'Donohue, and that he was keeping the fair girl in one of his secret strongholds.

Captain Grandon and his man Jack were doing their work well so far in preparing the people and the government officials for the wicked deeds contemplated.

The pretended old Hebrew and his son had both declared that they were anxious to ride with the yeomen in the excursion against the rebels on the mountain, and it was agreed that they should disguise themselves as yeomen that night.

The old earl was a brave man, and he desired to see how his son would act in command of the troops, while the romantic young peeress feared her treacherous young husband more than she did the Irish.

Young King Kerry escaped from the castle soon after his fight with Captain Grandon.

He then hastened up the mountain to rally his scattered forces.

Before daylight in the morning the active youth paid a secret visit to The O'Donohue.

After an affectionate interview with the old gentleman, King Kerry returned to the mountain again, accompanied by little Florry and a large hound.

The young outlaw did not leave the castle until he felt assured that Kathleen was not concealed there; and he spent the day with Florry and the big hound, in searching for the young girl in the neighborhood.

Although all the rascals who assailed him on the island wore masks, King Kerry felt assured that they were yeomen under Captain Grandon, yet he had no clear proof that the profligate young nobleman had borne away the lost heiress.

The young outlaw spent the best part of the day in trying to find a trace of the dear girl, but he returned to the mountain in the evening with a heavy heart.

Yet he did not despair.

Up to that time young King Kerry did not see fit to announce the fact that Captain Grandon was Lord Lovejoy; and old O'Donohue and his daughter did not betray the young rascal, either.

They all remained silent on the subject for the purpose of allowing the young officer to go on his own way under his assumed name.

About nine o'clock that night several bands of mounted yeomen left the castle as if to scour the valley on all sides.

In less than an hour after they all formed in silence in a glen near the foot of the mountain.

The old earl and the Jewish maiden were at the rendezvous in uniforms of the yeomen, the latter wearing a large false beard, which gave her the appearance of a rough trooper.

Having posted his men under orders, Captain Grandon rode forth on the path leading to the mountain, followed by Jack Cade.

The young officer drew up under the shade of a large tree, and Jack was soon by his side.

They both looked eagerly up the mountain, as the young officer remarked:

"It is almost time the rascals started down, Jack, and I want to give you a last advice."

"Werry well, sir."

"You'll not fail to make sure work of the old governor in the melee, and I will tend to the Jewess."

"You can trust me, sir."

"Who can this be dashing along toward us, Jack?"

Both riders stared in the direction of Killarney, when they saw a snow-white horse galloping toward them at full speed.

A dark figure was seated on the white horse, and they soon appeared in full view in the moonlight.

"It is the young lady's white mare!" exclaimed Captain Grandon, in subdued but excited tones.

"And 'tis the lady 'erself, as sure as guns!" gasped the pugilist.

"That's impossible, but— Thunder alive, it is Miss Kathleen, and how could she have escaped? Dash out with me and capture her!"

It was Kathleen O'Donohue who was riding toward the mountain at full speed, as if bent on a message of life or death, and she did not perceive her enemies until they dashed out in front of her.

A piercing cry burst from the young girl as she beheld the yeomen, and she attempted to turn the mare up the steep mountain-side; but Captain Grandon seized the animal's bridle and drew her up as he said to the pugilist:

"Seize her and away to the sloop with her on your own horse!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CRY WAS HEARD.

Before Kathleen could utter another cry, Jack Cade had seized her and lifted her in front of him on the saddle, clapping a hand on her mouth.

Captain Grandon struck the white mare with his sword, and the spirited animal dashed away along the foot of the mountain.

The fair girl was in a half-fainting state as the two rascals bound her arms and placed a gag on her mouth, Captain Grandon whispering to the pugilist:

"Take her to the sloop and keep guard over her till I come to you. I will be with you to-night."

Jack only nodded in reply, and he then rode away in the direction of the castle.

Captain Grandon cast an uneasy glance in the direction of the glen.

"I fear they heard her down there," he muttered; "but it will not matter if I give them their doses. I will have to do the double work now. How could she have escaped from the sloop?"

The young officer gazed after Jack Cade and the captive maiden until they disappeared behind the trees in the valley.

He then cast another anxious glance up the mountain-side, muttering:

"Can it be that my spy is deceiving me?"

Wheeling his horse around, he rode back toward the glen with a cloud on his brow.

"I cannot imagine how she escaped," he kept muttering; "and she must have returned to her home also to get the white horse. Can it be that she was riding up to King Kerry?"

More than one ear heard the cry sent forth by Kathleen O'Donohue.

About three hundred feet ahead of the spot where the fair girl was recaptured a boy was crouching in the bushes, and on the ground by his side a large hound was lying.



The hound sprang to his feet when the cry burst forth.

"Down, Nero, down," said the boy, as he clutched the dog's mouth, "and don't give cry now. Poison me, if it isn't the young mistress on Jessie!"

The boy was peering out from the bushes as the riderless mare dashed toward him, and he had witnessed the recapture of the fair girl.

The animal dashed close to where the boy and the hound were crouching, when the former whistled in a soft strain and raised his head, saying:

"Jessie, darling, I am here."

The white mare drew up with a familiar neigh, and then wheeled in among the trees and bushes.

Florry sprang on the animal's back and faced her toward the castle, muttering:

"I'll have time to see where the villain takes her, and to warn King Kerry."

The old earl and the disguised Jewish maiden were standing apart from the others in the glen, when the young girl's cry fell on their ears.

"What can that mean, sir?" inquired the disguised wife.

"One of the rebel women, I presume."

"But why should she send forth such a piercing cry, I'd like to know?"

"I suppose she was on her way up to the mountain, and some of our fellows stopped her. I don't understand what we are waiting here for."

"I heard one of the men there saying something about lying in ambush, sir."

"Oh, that's it. Gad, the youngster is clever in warfare, I must own, if he can draw King Kerry and his men into a trap."

"And you feel certain now, sir, that he does not suspect either of us?"

"Not he. I have watched him closely to-day, and he has acted in the most natural manner. Here he comes now."

Captain Grandon rode into the glen and drew up beside his disguised father.

"I suppose you are impatient for the march, Mr. Isaacs," the young officer remarked.

"Not exactly. What was that scream about we heard out there, captain?"

"We caught a rebel girl stealing up to the mountain, and my man has whipped her off to the castle."

"I imagine, captain, that you expect the rebels down here soon?"

"That is our game, sir. I received information, just before setting out from the castle, that King Kerry was coming down to-night with a large force, and I hope to surprise the rascal outside there."

"Then you feared that the young woman was going up to give him warning?"

"Exactly."

"And why didn't you bring the prisoner down here, captain?" inquired the young woman.

"She would be in the way in the fight; and she may cry out as the rebels approached. It will be well for you both to remain in here when we dash out at the rascals."

The old earl chuckled a little.

"I am not very brave," he said; "and yet I would much like to see you and your troopers slashing at the rebels."

"If all the rebels slash back like their leader," lisped the young woman, "I fear we will get a cut or two, father."

"I warned you that you would have to encounter great dangers," said Captain Grandon; "but there is full time to draw back yet."

"I'll see the affair out to the end," replied the brave old earl.

"And so will I," returned Rebecca, "as it will be something to talk about in London hereafter."

"If you ever live to see London again," muttered the young officer, below his breath.

One of the yeomen stationed at the opening of the glen nearest to the mountain then rode in and saluted his captain, saying:

"I see objects moving down the mountain, sir."

"Then I'll ride out to observe. Be on the alert, my men, and dash out at them when you hear my signal, as ordered. Be silent in the meantime."

When the young officer reached the head of the glen he could see a dark, straggling mass moving down from the top of the mountain.

"King Kerry is coming out in force," he muttered, "but he won't go back as strong. I will look to my pistols now, as the old governor and Becky must pay for their lark to-night."

And the young wretch put fresh powder in the pans of the pistols, with which he intended to slay his father and his wife.

While he kept his eyes on the rebels moving down the mountain-side he did not see the white mare and its rider dashing up a steep path some distance below, with the big hound running on ahead.

King Kerry was moving down at the head of all his mounted men with a daring object in view.

The young outlaw proposed to make certain movements tending to draw most of the yeomen from the castle and the neighborhood, and then to make a dash at the stronghold.

He meant to capture Captain Grandon at all hazards, and to force the young rascal to give up the fair Lilly of Killarney, even if he had to torture him almost to death.

At one point in the winding mountain-path all the rebels were hidden from his view, and it was then that the little rider on the white mare joined them.

Captain Grandon was so intent in watching for his foes that he did not notice a dark cloud sweeping along from the sea at his back.

The light of the moon was soon obscured, and intense darkness prevailed over mountain and valley.

King Kerry noticed the oncoming cloud as he listened to the intelligence conveyed to him by Florry, and the young outlaw shook his sword toward the glen in a vehement manner, as he exclaimed:

"And so you would trap us, you profligate hound! Now to give you a terrible lesson and to rescue the dear creature."

King Kerry halted his band in the mountain pass, and the word was passed back for every other man to dismount and come forward on foot.

The young outlaw dismounted also, to give special orders to those near him, and to lead them along the steep sides of the mountain in the total darkness.

The mounted men moved slowly down in the darkness soon after, each of them leading a horse.

Captain Grandon could barely see the dark mass emerging from the pass some distance above him, and he turned to one of his men in the shelter of the bushes, saying:

"Keep your eyes fixed on those rascals above and fire a pistol when they all reach the path out there."

"Very good, sir."

The young officer then looked up at the dark cloud.

"All the better for my work," he muttered, "and the rain will soon come down in torrents."

The old earl and Rebecca were still standing apart together, having dismounted, when Captain Grandon returned to the glen to give his final orders.

His men were to charge out on the rebels in two bodies at a given signal, striking them in front and rear, at the paths leading out from each end of the deep glen.



Having given his final instructions, the young officer drew near his disguised father again, saying:

"If you want to share in the charge, gentlemen, you had better mount now."

The intense darkness, as well as the thought of the approaching strife, was having its effect on the young woman, and she shuddered without replying.

The brave old earl was not dismayed, however, and he boldly answered:

"We will mount and be with you. Are they coming down now?"

"They are close at hand. What a splendid night for an ambush; and we will soon have the rain down in torrents."

"But you cannot see to ride out," remarked the trembling Jewess.

"We'll have lightning soon, and it will be a proper light wherewith to slay the rebel hounds!" responded the young officer in flippant tones. "There it comes now!"

A vivid flash burst out from the dark clouds, followed by a loud clap of thunder, and the rain commenced to fall in heavy drops.

Then a loud, clear, ringing voice could be heard above the glen toward the mountain, crying out:

"Fire at the skulking rescals, my good men, and aim well!"

"King Kerry!" gasped forth Captain Grandon. "We are betrayed!"

The startled officer was giving orders to charge out of the glen, but his voice could not be heard in the tremendous din that arose above them.

About a hundred of the rebels on foot had stolen down the steep mountain-side in the darkness, and they gained the trees along the path above the glen without being perceived by the yeoman.

Terrible cries of confusion and dismay arose from the startled troopers in the glen as the rebels opened a galling fire on them, another vivid flash of lightning bursting forth at the same time.

Horses and riders fell on all sides; the serried lines were broken and thrown into disorder, and the startled animals mingled their shrill neighs of terror with the yells and shrieks of their diders.

At that crisis the rebel horsemen gained the open path at the foot of the mountain.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE FIGHT IN THE STORM.

The rebels on foot only waited to deliver their murderous volley, when they all dashed toward the horsemen riding to meet them.

The outlaws then mounted, galloped on at full speed to block the upper opening to the glen, and King Kerry and his immediate followers sprang on their steeds to defend or contest the other passage.

About four or five horsemen only could ride abreast out of either passage from the glen.

The storm increased in violence each moment, and the rain fell in such dense showers as to make it impossible for the combatants on either side to use their firearms.

The brave old earl was a little dismayed at the sudden onslaught of the rebels, yet he was among the first to recover his presence of mind.

And then his first thought was for the adventurous young woman who had placed herself under his protection.

Poor Rebecca was almost fainting with terror as the old

earl seized her by the arm and drew her back to the sheltered side of the glen, drawing their horses with them.

"This is fearful!" she gasped in tones only heard by the old nobleman. "Oh, how can human beings fight and slay in such a storm?"

"It is fearful, my dear. And I regret that we gave way to our love of adventure. The young scamp is a true soldier, by George. See, he is rallying his men like an old veteran."

Captain Grandon was playing a gallant part in that fearful crisis.

When the first shock was over, and when the startled yeomen found that the rebels above did not keep up the fire, their young officer called on them to rally and form in lines, crying:

"To the front face. Form in lines four deep, and we'll charge out together."

Before the yeomen were ready to charge forth, however, King Kerry and his men blocked the passage at each side of the glen.

All the yeomen faced toward the lower entrance, which was held by the young rebel chief, and the order to charge was given.

In the excitement of the surprise Captain Grandon paid no attention to his disguised father and the young Jewess, and they both remained under the shelter of the rocks at the side of the glen.

The old earl was only too ready to charge out with the others, but Rebecca was too nervous to mount the horse again.

The glen was wide and deep, and the yeomen had ample room to put their steeds in full trot as they dashed at the rebels in the lower path.

On they went, with fierce yells and cries for vengeance, and the mounted outlaws moved forward to meet them in the narrow passage.

Another vivid flash of lightning burst out over the stirring scene as the front ranks of the foes closed in the deadly strife, and the peal of thunder following hushed the cries and the groans of the struggling yeomen.

Then King Kerry's clear voice could be heard above the din of the strife as he cried out:

"Strike for vengeance, men, but spare the young Saxon leader now. Close in behind there as we fall in front and hold the pass to the last man."

"Cut down the rebel dogs!" yelled Captain Grandon, as he pressed to the front like a young hero, and using his sword with the utmost vigor.

The old earl and Rebecca could witness the struggle from where they stood when the lightning flashes illumined the stirring scene.

The young Jewess forgot her own terror in the mad excitement, and she moved a step or two forward as she exclaimed:

"Oh, is he not brave! And it is a pity he is so base at heart."

"He is a brave fellow," proudly responded the old fellow, "and his valiant deeds may redeem him yet."

"Ah, gracious, gracious! they are beaten back now, and how that King Kerry fights!"

"Rally, men, rally!" yelled Captain Grandon, as he was forced back by the rebels.

The yeomen did not rally to charge forward again; but the rebels held their ground in the passage, and they hurled the enemy back into the glen a second time.

"We will try the upper passage!" cried Captain Grandon, wheeling his steed around.

The surviving yeomen wheeled around after him, and they all made a dash for the upper entrance.

"I fear we are caught in a trap, Becky," whispered the old earl as he glared at the steep sides of the glen.



"And is there no way of getting out on foot, sir?" Becky eagerly inquired.

"Yes; active men can climb up the steep sides here; but it will not do for you or me."

"Oh, mercy, they are at it again on the left. Will the fearful work never stop?"

Captain Grandon and his men were charging on the rebels in the upper passage, while King Kerry still held the lower one, without making an attempt to advance into the glen.

And the storm was still raging over mountain and valley.

The struggle in the upper passage lasted longer than the first, but the yeomen were driven back into the glen again, and with severe loss.

Captain Grandon then felt that he was caught in an ugly trap, and he saw only one way out of it.

Drawing his shattered forces together in the middle of the glen, he cast his eyes up the steep sides at the back, muttering:

"We must give up the horses and fly on foot. It is our only chance."

Then the word was quietly passed along.

"Wait until the next flash of lightning is over, and then dismount and retreat on foot up the rocks in our rear."

The lightning flashed out again, and King Kerry could see his foes drawn up in the glen.

"They are forming for another charge this way," the young leader muttered, "and it will be their last effort. Then to force that scamp to give up the darling, if the sloop has sailed out."

"What are they doing now, sir?" eagerly inquired Becky, as she saw the yeomen slipping from their steeds and gliding to the back of the glen.

"They are retreating on foot up the rocks, my dear, and we can't follow them."

"What must we do then?"

"Remain where we are, and trust to the mercy of King Kerry."

Another flash of lightning illumined the glen, and King Kerry beheld the yeomen stealing up the rocks, from the other side of which they could retreat to the castle if not cut off.

Kerry sent forth a signal, and the rebels at the upper passage dashed into the glen.

"Secure all the horses and arms in there, my brave boys," he yelled; "and then hold the prisoners. Follow me, you lads, here."

The young outlaw wheeled about to lead his followers around outside the glen.

"He's trying to cut off the retreat," said the old earl. "Heaven help my son if he falls into King Kerry's hands."

"Oh, mercy, I suppose they will put us all to death," moaned the young woman."

## CHAPTER X.

### AFTER THE STORM.

It would seem as if the storm king only awaited for the close of the struggle in the glen to close his own tumultuous warfare of the elements.

The rebels had scarcely charged into the hollow to secure the spoils of their victory when the rain ceased, the dark clouds moved away to the east and the skies brightened over mountain and valley.

The rebel in charge of the second body of the outlaws was a large, rough mountaineer, who hated the yeomen with great bitterness.

Yet he had strict orders from King Kerry, and he was com-

pelled to treat the wounded prisoners with certain kindness and courtesy.

Having first secured the horses left to roam in the glen, while strong guards were placed at each entrance, the big rebel approached the disguised earl and Rebecca, crying:

"What ails the pair of ye?"

"Play that you injured your ankle," whispered the earl to Becky.

And he answered the rebel, saying:

"Good sir, we surrender. My comrade here injured his ankle, and he could not fly. And I was too old to climb the rocks."

Disguised as he was, and speaking in hoarse, assumed tones, the old nobleman had an air about him that told on the rough mountaineer, who was a keen fellow in his way.

Torches were then flashing out in the glen, and the big fellow held one of them close to the old earl's face to scrutinize it.

"Oho!" he muttered, with a grim chuckle, "but I think I know ye. Bad scran to me, but brave King Kerry did fine work entirely this night."

"Who am I then?" asked the earl.

"The new landlord, bad cess to ye. Holy poker, but the beard is falling off this chap."

And the rough fellow made a grab at the false beard on Becky's face, which had slipped down on her breast in the disorder of the struggle.

The rough rebel laughed heartily as he perceived the decided change in the appearance of the disguised Jewess, and he attempted to place the false beard on his own face, as he cried:

"I can make a yeoman out of myself now if I like, and with the clothes in plenty at that. Oh, but 'tis a great night for the right sort."

"I would like to be led to your young chief as soon as you like, sir," said the old earl, in very civil tones.

"Faith, and you'll have to wait till he comes to us, and that may be too soon for yer liking, me old rogue."

"Why do you call me an old rogue, good fellow?"

"Because yer good name travels faster than yerself, and 'tis well we all know what a tyrant ye are to boot."

"Can it be possible," said the old earl to himself, "that I have been recognized?"

He was not aware of the stories sent forth against him by Jack Cade during the day, and of the bitter feeling aroused among the people against Mr. Isaacs, the new Jewish landlord.

Speaking aloud to the rebel, the old earl said:

"My good fellow, I don't understand you, but I will confess that I am not a regular soldier. This young person is my son, and I am——"

"Old Isaacs, the rich Jew, what bought the estate of the tyrant Earl of Denmore," interrupted the outlaw, with a chuckle. "Oh, we know ye, me old buck; and we don't know much good of ye, either."

The earl felt relieved.

It was certain that he was not yet known in his true character, and he felt that he had some show of mercy from the rebels.

Becky was trembling with terror as she was ordered to give up her sword and pistols, and the outlaw noticed her agitation.

"You don't feel quite so fierce since ye lost the big beard," he remarked. "Move over here, and join the yeoman villains. 'Tis I'd like to hang ye all now."

Becky leaned on the old earl's arm as she limped along to the wounded prisoners.

"I wish young King Kerry were here," she whispered; "and do you know what I think, sir?"



"What is that?"

"I think it would be well to make known our true characters to him."

The old earl started at the bare suggestion, and he hastily replied:

"No, no, no! The young rascal would put me to death on the instant."

"I can't believe it, sir. Oh, I do hope Lord Lovejoy will escape."

"I hope so; but the young scamp should have fought his way out."

"He fought nobly, sir."

"Well, he did act well, I must confess, but they were hemmed in. I hope he'll have time to reach the castle with the others. Listen to that cry!"

"Oh, gracious—the mounted rebels outside are slaying our friends!" gasped Becky.

"It sounds like it."

Several cries and yells could then be heard in the distance, but they grew fainter and fainter each moment.

"King Kerry is playing Ballyhooly with the yeomen outside, boys," cried the big leader.

"'Tis the young captain he's hot after," answered one of those addressed; "and he'll chase him into the cannon's mouth, if needs be."

The booming of a huge gun could then be heard, followed by another and another.

The earl placed his mouth to Becky's ear and whispered:

"Some of our fellows are under the shelter of the guns of the castle now."

"And I pray that Lord Lovejoy is with them," responded the generous creature, little dreaming that the treacherous young scamp was plotting her own death that night.

A messenger rode into the glen soon after, crying:

"King Kerry orders all of ye to go back to the mountain with the horses and the weapons. Leave the yeomen wounded alone, for their friends to take care of them."

The big leader whispered some words to the messenger, who turned to stare at the old earl and his companion, as he answered:

"I know King Kerry would want them to be taken along."

"To be sure he would—and along they'll go. Mount and march with us, ye pair of robbers!" cried the big leader, addressing the two prisoners.

The earl assisted Beck to the saddle, whispering:

"Keep your courage up, and don't despair. We are safe if I am not discovered."

"I feel safer now than I did in the castle last night, sir."

"Tut, tut! I don't believe Lovejoy is such a villain as to injure us; and I will look for him to rescue us ere long."

"And I feel that King Kerry will set us free, if he learns the truth."

Some delay ensued in getting out of the glen with the spoils.

When the prisoners reached the foot of the mountain-path, the cannon on the ramparts of the castle were silent.

The moon was beaming out at full, and they could gaze over the valley below them.

"Here comes the king and the other boys," cried the big leader, "and we'll wait for them. And there comes more of the yeomen from Killarney."

King Kerry and his followers were dashing along from the castle to the mountain-path, while a strong force of troopers rode along the high road running through the valley, as if making for the castle.

The big leader pushed the captured horses ahead under a strong guard, and he drew the rest of his men up on the mountain-side to await the young chief.

"Who have we here?" cried King Kerry, as he rode up the hill on a fine black horse.

"The new landlord and his brave son," answered the big fellow, with a wicked grin.

King Kerry stared at the old earl and his companion in turn, while he motioned to his followers to keep up the mountain.

"Leave the prisoners with me!" he cried, "and get up as quick as you can."

The rebels moved up the mountain as if pursued by an enemy, and King Kerry was left alone with the prisoners.

"I trust my men did not treat you unkindly," he said, in gentle tones as he cast a glance back at the castle.

"Not at all, sir," responded the old earl, "seeing that they took us with arms in our hands."

The young chief smiled as he turned his gaze on the disguised Jewess.

"Were you in the fight, young man?" he inquired.

"I must confess that I was not, sir."

"The truth is, young sir," said the old earl, "that we rode forth from the castle more as spectators than as combatants, and we saw much more than we cared to behold."

"And do you desire to ride back to the castle again, gentlemen?"

Young King Kerry bent a peculiar glance on the old earl as he asked the question.

"Do you then offer to release us; and what conditions do you require?" asked the old earl.

"None at all, sir. We do not war on old gentlemen and young ladies, though the one may be our bitterest enemy. I know you, Earl of Denmore?"

"The mischief you do! And do you know who this young person is also?"

"I do. And I thank the generous young lady for her efforts in my behalf last night. Should you deem yourself in danger in yonder castle, fly to the mountain and I will protect you."

"Did I not tell you as much, sir," cried Becky, as she bent a glowing smile on the young chief. "Oh, sir, did Captain Grandon recognize us?"

"Not that I am aware of. And I wish to send him a message."

The young chief kept glancing down at the valley, as he told the strangers about the recapture of the Lilly of Killarney.

"A little friend of mine," he continued, "rode on after the rascal and the young lady, and he saw her borne on board a sloop lying in the inlet below the castle. That sloop is now out at sea, but I cannot tell whether the lady is on board or not."

The old earl and his companion exchanged nods, and King Kerry continued:

"Tell Captain Grandon from me that I will not spare his life another day if he does not return the young lady in safety to her afflicted father."

"I will insist on his doing so," answered the earl, "if I have to make myself known to him."

"Look to yourself and the young lady here if you do, earl, as the scoundrel who would seek to injure an innocent young creature would not stop at any crime to gain his ends."

The old earl shuddered a little as he listened to the warning.

Rebecca fairly trembled as she turned her eyes toward the castle.

King Kerry walked his horse down the path with them, as he continued:

"The troopers from Killarney are riding this way and I must back to my men. Farewell to you."

"Young sir," returned the old earl, "I thank you sincerely



for your unlooked-for kindness, and I will think better of the Irish Rob Roy hereafter."

"And I will never forget you," said Rebecca, as she held out her hand.

"Fire and charge on the rebel dogs!" yelled a hoarse voice from the trees below.

The moon was obscured again as a volley from six or seven swept up at the earl and the others, and the old nobleman and the disguised young wife fell from their horses.

"Shot in the back!" groaned the earl as he glared down at the yeomen horsemen dashing up. "Fools, we are friends."

"I am dying," moaned the Jewess as she pressed her hand to her breast. "Good sir, do not betray me until all is over."

"I will not, my dear."

King Kerry was not injured by the volley, and he set spurs to his steed as he faced him up the mountain, crying:

"There's treachery on foot. Beware, Mr. Isaacs, if you survive."

The mounted yeomen dashed on over their victims in pursuit of King Kerry.

"Fire again," yelled their leader, riding in front, "as that is the chief of the outlaws."

"It is Lovejoy," gasped the old earl, as he pressed the hand of the sufferer by his side. "Oh, my dear, this is terrible. Can you speak?"

"Yes, yes, sir. It is your son; and I believe the wretch knew us, while he pretended to take us for rebels. Oh, why did we come here?"

## CHAPTER XI.

### ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The yeomen fired again as they dashed up in pursuit of King Kerry, who was gaining on them at every stride by the black steed under him.

The rebels above heard the volleys, and a party of them dashed down to the rescue of the young leader, who was yelling defiance at his foes.

Captain Grandon wheeled about with his men when he saw that King Kerry was gaining on them, and he cried:

"The reinforcements from the town are close at hand, and we will up at the rascals again."

The moon was still obscured as the yeomen dashed down again, but the old earl heard them coming.

"Pretend that you are dead, my dear," he whispered to his companion.

"I understand, sir."

King Kerry did not wait for his followers before wheeling about to charge after the retreating yeomen, yelling aloud:

"Spur at them for dear life, boys, and look to your pistols."

The rebels sent forth a wild yell in response, and they dashed down at a breakneck pace.

The yeomen turned their animals aside from the prostrate forms, and rode on without casting their eyes down at them.

Captain Grandon did cast his eyes back as his horse dashed down, and he chuckled to himself in a fiendish manner, muttering:

"They are as dead as ducats or door nails; and the rebels will bear the brunt. Was it not fortunate that my rascals could not notice the uniforms in the dim light?"

King Kerry dashed down until he reached the silent forms on the ground, when he pulled up and cried to his men:

"Secure those horses, and three or four of you dismount to aid me."

The young chief was down from his own horse as he gave

the order, and he knelt by the side of the disguised Jewess as he asked in the gentlest tones:

"Have you fainted, young sir?"

Rebecca opened her eyes and smiled faintly at the youth.

"No," she replied, "as I was playing a part."

"And you, Mr. Isaacs?"

"Playing a part also, young sir. Yet I am seriously wounded. How is it with you, my dear boy?"

"I trust I will not die, sir," answered Becky, with a painful sigh.

"I trust not, indeed," said King Kerry. "Now, gentlemen, there is but a minute to decide an important question, as our enemies are coming at us again."

"What is the question, young man?" asked the earl.

"Will you trust yourselves with us in the mountains, or——"

"Oh, take us up, take us up," pleaded Becky, in pathetic tones.

"We'll trust in you, sir," answered the earl, with a fearful shudder.

The old nobleman was then convinced that his treacherous son had recognized him and his companion, and that he had sought to slay each of them.

The darkness became more intense as they moved slowly up the mountain-side, with more than half the rebel force gathered behind on the march.

"They'll not up after us this dark night," muttered Young King Kerry, aloud.

The wounded Jewess had sipped a little of the native whisky, and she felt her life was not to be despaired of, at least.

"I should suppose they had enough of fighting to-night, sir," she responded.

"It is but the beginning of the campaign against us, young sir, as it is our fate to be hunted like so many wolves. But you must be silent."

"Yes, I will be, yet, I would ask you one plain question, sir."

"And pray what is it?"

"Was there not light enough below there to show those who fired on us that we wore the uniforms of the yeomen?"

King Kerry did not answer, and the wounded Jewess turned to look up into his honest eyes, as she continued:

"I see that you do not wish to cast suspicion even on your worst enemy. Well, I will be silent now; and I feel that I will live."

"But it may be well to be dead for some days, perhaps, young sir."

"What do you mean?"

"I will have a talk with your father, and then we will know what stories to set afloat. Of this you may be assured."

"Of your continued kindness, sir?"

"Oh, no! You may swear that the rebels of the hills will be blamed for killing or wounding the new landlord and his son."

"I understand you now. And it may be well our deaths are reported."

"I will consult with the earl when he is at ease. Be silent now."

As the intense darkness continued, while the rain fell in showers again, the yeomen did not pursue the rebels up the mountain.

Captain Grandon and the officer in charge of the reinforcements from the town feared another surprise on the dark mountain, and they retreated to the castle with their combined forces.

The young nobleman felt some chagrin over his defeat, but he consoled himself with the idea that he had paved the way to honor and fortune that night, while he was far from forgetting the fair Lilly of Killarney.



Early on the following day the ominous rumors spread throughout the neighborhood.

It was said that Mr. Isaacs and his son were killed by the rebels from the hills after their fight with the yeomen in the glen.

As the day advanced it was asserted that the bodies had been borne away by the rebels and flung into a bottomless pit on the mountain.

It was also said that Kathleen O'Donohue had escaped from her unknown captors, and that she had returned to her old home, only to ride forth again on the white mare and disappear.

The mysterious sloop returned to the inlet again on the night after the fight, and she cast anchor under the guns of the castle.

The little vessel belonged to the Earl of Denmore, and it was used by his agents in bringing supplies to the castle.

Captain Grandon felt assured that his father and Becky were dead, and he was biding his time to publish a mysterious announcement pertaining thereto in the London journals.

But he must crush King Kerry before he could show his hand fully.

The young officer spent three days in mustering and drilling another small army, while the reinforcements from Killarney were to act with him against the outlaw.

King Kerry appeared to be resting on his laurels in the meantime.

Yet the gallant young chief was not idle, and little Florry and the hound were working with him.

The little fellow swam out to the sloop at night, when he satisfied himself that his beloved young mistress was not on board.

The little vessel was deserted.

King Kerry knew that Kathleen was not in the castle, as he had a faithful spy on the lookout there, in the person of the old woman who had set him free from the cell.

Captain Grandon marched up to the mountain on the fourth morning after the fight in the glen, and he had over three hundred well-armed troopers under him.

They were all eager to avenge their fallen comrades, and to wipe out the outlaws.

The mountain appeared to be thoroughly deserted, and only a few stray goats could be seen browsing on the highest rocks.

Captain Grandon kept in the midst of his men, as if fearing that King Kerry would carry out the threats made against him.

The young wretch was safe, however, while Kathleen O'Donohue's whereabouts was unknown.

Among those looking out at the yeomen from a secret mountain retreat were the old earl and the young Jewess, and King Kerry stood near them.

They were standing behind a huge rock near the entrance to a large cave.

Thanks to the care of the rebels, the wounded friends were almost recovered from their wounds, and they were both anxious to make a decided movement against the treacherous young wretch who attempted to take their lives.

"I feel quite strong enough to set out this very evening," said the young Jewess, as she watched the troopers retreating down the mountain.

"And so do I," responded the old earl, "if I were only certain on one point."

"What point do you allude to, sir?" inquired the young outlaw.

"I cannot believe that Captain Grandon, so called, attempted to slay us, knowing who we were."

"It is not just for me to give my opinion on the subject,"

said King Kerry, "yet I would advise you not to go to the castle again in your present disguise."

"And I am determined on putting him to the test, as I proposed."

"Then I will go with you, sir," said Rebecca, in very firm tones.

"If such is your decision," said the young rebel, "I will aid you as well as I can. Will you not rest here until to-morrow night?"

"I cannot," answered the disguised earl, "as my blood will be on fire until I try the experiment."

"And so will mine," echoed Rebecca. "Let us tempt fate this night."

"As you will," said King Kerry.

Between eight and nine o'clock that night, as Captain Grandon and Jack Cade were consulting in secret in the young officer's private apartment, the great bell in the castle yard announced visitors at the gate.

"Some messengers from the town," remarked the young officer, going on with his instructions.

Some minutes elapsed, when a loud knock was heard at the room door, and one of the yeoman on guard announced, in startling tones:

"Mr. Isaacs and the young gentleman have just escaped from the rebels, captain, and they await you in the dressing-room."

## CHAPTER XII.

### TRYING THE EXPERIMENT.

The two conspirators sprang to their feet as if electrified by the news.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Captain Grandon, as he glared at the yeoman.

"What a go," cried Jack Cade, staring at his young master.

"There's a rebel with them, sir," continued the yeoman, "who assisted them in escaping, and he looks like a wild animal."

"Tell the gentlemen I will be with them very soon," said the startled officer.

When the door was closed the young officer fell back in a chair and seized a brandy bottle on the table to drink a bumper.

Jack Cade helped himself also as he kept staring at his young master, and the pugilist was the first to speak.

"What a turn," he grumbled forth, "and the game almost played."

A terrible imprecation burst from the other, and he struck the table with his clenched fist as he hissed forth:

"By the living fiends, Jack, the game must go on, Jack, if we had to play it all over again. The fools cannot suspect me, or they would not appear here again. I could have sworn they were both dead as herrings that night."

"But you see as 'ow they're not, young master, and we must be careful."

"We will, we will. Now let us put our heads together, Jack."

They did consult in earnest tones for some minutes; and Captain Grandon's face was only slightly flushed when he hastened down to welcome his unexpected guests.

He declared that he was delighted to see them alive and well again, expressing himself in the most cordial and natural tones.

The pretended old Hebrew then went on to explain that they had been wounded on the hillside by the yeomen, who had mistaken them for rebels, and that they had been taken up to the mountain by Captain Kerry and his men.



"Thanks to this good fellow here," continued the old earl, pointing to a savage-looking countryman, "we escaped to-night. This good fellow risked his life for us, and I mean to reward him."

And the old earl gave a clear and concise account of their adventures on the mountain.

Jack Cade entered the dining-room soon after his young master; and they both fixed their eyes on the wild mountaineer who had served the visitors.

The man appeared to be about forty years of age, and he was clothed in rags.

His hair and shaggy beard was fiery red in color; his deep-set eyes were never at rest, and they resembled those of a hunted animal; and he moved to and fro in a corner of the dining-room with all the manner of a caged curiosity.

The old earl and the Jewess played their difficult parts to perfection, no word or glance escaping from them to denote their terrible suspicions.

"We had enough of Ireland," continued the old earl; "and we propose to start for home in the morning, taking this good creature with us."

Supper was then ordered, wine was produced, and the position of the outlaws discussed.

"As to this King Kerry," said the old earl, "I must confess that he treated us as well as he could, while he demanded an immense sum in gold for our release."

"Can you inform me where he was hiding to-day, sir?" inquired Captain Grandon.

"I cannot. We were kept in a dark cave, and we were blindfolded when led there. This good fellow could tell, but I cannot ask him to betray his old friends. Can I, Jerry?"

Jerry growled and shook his head, grunting forth some expressions in the Irish tongue.

It was late when the earl and his companion retired to their sleeping-rooms.

The wild mountaineer insisted on sleeping on the floor outside the door of the room occupied by the young Jewess.

Wrapping his old frieze overcoat about him, the wild fellow stretched himself on a mat, and his loud snoring could soon be heard throughout the hallway.

At the hour of midnight all was still in the castle, when the alarm bell from the turret suddenly pealed forth, followed by a cannon-shot from the ramparts.

The wild Irishman was the first to spring to his feet on hearing the alarm, and he stared around him for a moment in a dazed manner, like one arousing from a fearful dream.

"Have I slept?" he muttered aloud.

"You did that," answered a low voice close to him; "but I watched for you, master. The boys are out, and the villains here are at their bad work."

Jerry stole to the end of the hallway, where a little fellow was crouching behind a stairway.

"What has happened, Florry?" asked the wild fellow, in cautious tones, as he crouched down behind the boy.

"They took them down a short time ago by the other door, and it looked as if they were dead asleep at that, Master Donal."

"Did you follow them?"

"To be sure, sir. They are down together in the cell now. Just like dead people; and that English thief called Jack Cade is keeping watch outside the iron door."

"Then I hope they'll be satisfied with the experiment now," muttered King Kerry, aloud, "if it does not cost them too dear. But I'll save the fair Jewess if it costs me my life, as I can never forget her goodness to me when I was starving in London."

By that time all was commotion in the lower floor of the castle and in the courtyard.

"The rebels are down from the hills in force!" was the cry that rang out on all sides.

The yeomen were hastening to and fro in the great courtyard and in the stables, Captain Grandon was giving his orders in clear tones, and the great guns belched forth now and again.

"I'd like to be out now to give them a fair fight," said King Kerry to Florry as they stole into a bedroom on the second floor, "but I am pledged to defend my new friends, and I must save them now ere it is too late."

"I fear it is too late, Master Donal," answered the lad, "as they looked like dead people to me, for all the world."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### DEAD OR SLEEPING.

Although the old earl received several warning glances from the disguised King Kerry that night, he was not fully on his guard.

And Rebecca was also deceived and pacified by the genial and natural bearing of her treacherous young husband.

As they were both only too anxious to believe themselves in error regarding the fearful suspicions they had entertained against the young officer, it was easy to lull them into a sense of safety in that den of treachery and deceit.

The old earl drank freely of the wine offered him, but Rebecca was more careful, as became one of her sex.

Yet she could not well refuse to drain the parting glass offered her just before retiring for the night, and the mischief lay therein.

The earl drained his cup also, while he insisted that the faithful wild mountaineer should join them in the last bumper.

King Kerry took the cup offered him by Jack Cade, but he did not empty it down his throat.

Yet he was so drowsy after his days and nights of unwearied exertion in searching for Kathleen O'Donohue that he soon fell into a sound slumber without the aid of the drugged wine.

The old earl was weary also, and he had no suspicions of foul play when a drowsy feeling stole over him, soon after reaching his bedroom.

A gleam of the truth flashed on his mind, however, as he sank powerless on the floor of the bedroom before he could remove any of his garments.

"Betrayed again," he muttered; "and I can only trust in King Kerry now."

A groan escaped from the helpless old man as he remembered that the young outlaw had also partaken of the last wine offered to them, and he sank back on the floor with closing eyes.

Rebecca struggled bravely against the powerful drug, while she also supposed, at the first symptoms, that weariness alone was affecting her senses.

When the truth flashed on her mind she made an effort to reach the door, outside of which her faithful friend was lying, but she fell on the floor, while she could only mutter aloud:

"Oh, save me, good friend!"

No light was burning in the hallway as Captain Grandon and Jack Cade stole to the door of the bedroom where the old earl was lying, but the pugilist carried a dark-lantern under his coat.

They bore the old man into the hallway, and then down into the deep cellars, without making the least noise.

Jack Cade returned soon after, and he entered Rebecca's bedroom by a side door, which opened into Captain Grandon's private apartment.

The young officer was standing outside the cell, where they



had placed his miserable father, when Jack Cade appeared with the young woman, who appeared to be lifeless.

"What of the wild Irishman, Jack?" inquired the rascally son.

"The cove is a goner, sir."

"Then he won't trouble us?"

"You can bet not, master."

"Very good. Now we'll leave them in there until the tide turns, and then we'll away to the sloop with them."

At that moment the castle-bell rang out the alarm, and they both started.

"What can that mean, Jack?" exclaimed the young fellow, as he bent his head to listen. "And there goes a gun."

"It be the rebels, sir."

"You watch here, and I'll hasten up to see what the trouble is. There's no danger of their awaking, but we must be on our guard, as I cannot account for the mysterious escape of the young robber."

Jack Cade was a superstitious rascal, and he did not like the idea of keeping watch in that dreary dungeon, yet he could not object.

He could hear the big guns booming forth, and faint cries were borne to him also.

"Looks like an attack on the castle," he muttered, "and blest if this cove ain't safest down here."

Jack had not outlived his terror of firearms, and he preferred the dark dungeon to a post of danger near his young master.

The rascal was peering in at the victims in the cell, when he fancied he heard a soft footstep behind him.

"Is that you, master?" he asked.

The reply was a clutch on the throat, and a rattling blow under the ear.

Jack fell on the hard floor, with an active form over him.

Jack groaned in terror as a pistol was pointed at his head, while Florry secured his arms.

King Kerry dragged the helpless rascal into one of the cells, clapping a gag on his mouth before bolting the iron door on him.

"Stand there at the end of the passage, my lad," said King Kerry, "and let me know if anyone comes this way."

"Will I fire on them, Master Donal?"

"Not at all, but give me warning, and come to me at once."

Taking the lantern from the floor, King Kerry knelt beside the young Jewess with deep emotion.

"Are they both dead?" he muttered, as he placed his hand near the young woman's heart. "Oh, why didn't they mind my warnings?"

A groan escaped from the young outlaw's lips as he could not feel the beating of the gentle heart beneath his hand.

"This is terrible!" he muttered. "Oh, Norry, Norry, 'tis I am glad you're here."

The last words were addressed to the old creature who had rescued him from the cell.

"What ails them?" asked the old woman as she bent down over the Jewess.

"I fear they are poisoned, Norry. Try your skill now, and I'll bless you if you save this noble young woman. You cured her on the mountain, and save her now for my sake."

"Are ye after forgetting the fair Lilly of Killarney, Master Donal?"

"Never—never!"

"Then why dote so much on this young lady, I'd like to know?"

"Because she gave me life and strength when I was starving in London over a year ago, and when the hounds of the law were on my track."

"Then I'll save her if I can. But what of this black villain?"

"Save him also, if possible, Norry, as he can help me to find my lost treasure. Are the boys drawing the rogues from the castle?"

"I think they are. We must get them away from here, Master Donal."

"Very good. I'll take the young lady, and you and Florry will bring the earl."

The young outlaw raised the helpless young Jewess from the damp floor, and he bore her out into the passage, calling on the boy as well.

When Captain Grandon hastened up into the courtyard all the yeomen in the castle were aroused and on the alert.

"What means this alarm?" cried the young officer, addressing one of his sergeants.

"The rebels are down from the hills in force, captain," was the prompt answer, "and they are running off with the cattle in the stubble."

"What force have they?"

"Over two hundred riders, sir."

"Fall in, and we'll put at the rascals. Mount, my lads, and we'll strike the dogs. Open the great gate, and keep the guns in play."

The gallant young officer soon sallied out at the head of over two hundred of his men.

They charged around the castle walls at first, and then faced toward the mountain.

Bonfires were then blazing on the hillside, and they could see the rebels retreating toward their strongholds with a large herd of cattle in front of them.

Fearing another ambushade, and being anxious to get back to his victims, Captain Grandon retreated toward the castle with half of his men, leaving the others to watch the paths leading down from the mountain.

The young officer slipped down into the dungeon as soon as possible with a small dark-lantern in his hand, and great was his consternation on discovering that his victims had disappeared.

"Where are you, Jack?" as he drew a pistol and glared around.

A muffled groan from a neighboring cell was the answer.

"What treachery is on foot now?" growled the young rascal, springing to the door of the cell where Jack was confined.

The young fellow was as brave as a lion in the face of real danger, yet he trembled as he drew back the bolt on the iron door and entered the cell with his weapon ready.

Jack Cade was groaning as well as he could, and he cast a piteous glance up at his young master.

"What means this, you rascal?" demanded the young fellow, as he bent down to withdraw the gag.

Jack Cade hastened to describe the assault on him, casting terrified glances around, as he declared that his assailants were not human beings, but terrible fiends.

"You are either a fool or a traitor, Jack," said the other, in venomous tones, "and you deserve death in either case."

The pugilist protested in the most vehement terms, but the baffled officer soon silenced him.

"They are dead," he growled; "and you are implicated with me. We must find out who took the bodies away and deal with them. Pick up the lantern and follow me."

The fear of discovery seemed to rouse all the young rascal's courage and to sharpen his wits.

He was playing for a great stake, and he would not be baffled by his unknown enemies, he declared.

Jack Cade could not recognize his assailants, as the fellow was blinded by the blows he had received in the dim light, and he did not recognize the strange voices in the cell, either.

Leading the way up into the castle, Captain Grandon turned and said:



"We will soon see if that wild Irishman has disappeared also."

They gained the hallway, where they had left the rough fellow at the door of the bedroom, and Captain Grandon opened the lantern.

"Why, here he is yet," he muttered aloud, as he kicked at the mountaineer, "and he wasn't in the move. Drag him in here, Jack."

The young officer opened the door of the bedroom, and Jack dragged the helpless man into the apartment, muttering:

"This cove is as dead as a 'erring, sir."

"Of course he is. But who could have taken away the others?"

"'Twas ghosts, sir."

"That be hanged, you fool. King Kerry is at work. He has some secret way of getting in here, and he must have been on the watch here for the young lady to-night."

The young officer paused to ponder, while he kept staring down at the ugly face of the rough mountaineer for some time.

Jack Cade was rubbing his disfigured eyes and staring down also, little dreaming that his late assailant was the apparently helpless man lying on the floor as if dead.

"What do you make of it sir?" inquired the half-dazed pugilist.

"I believe that King Kerry is at work against me, and that he has removed the bodies."

"Then how can we find the cove?"

"That we must do. I now believe that he knows who they are, and that he was in their confidence also. We will be in a nice scrape if he escapes and denounces us."

Jack Cade groaned in mental agony, as visions of a scaffold and a hangman's rope appeared to him.

"Let us cut for it in the sloop, sir," he said.

"Not much, you coward. That will be our last resort, and you forget the young lady."

"Then you mean to fight it out, master?"

"Certainly. The old earl is dead, and so is Becky; and who can prove that we put them out of the way. King Kerry is in the castle, and we'll find him and fix him."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### KING KERRY'S PLAN.

What object could the young outlaw have in thus putting himself, as it were, in the power of his relentless enemy?

The simple answer is—Kathleen!

King Kerry risked discovery and death for a mere chance of discovering the whereabouts of the young girl he loved so well.

Of course he was shamming death while listening eagerly to every word falling from the lips of the rascals who had taken the dear girl away.

"Oh, will they never give me a hint as to where she is?" he asked himself, as dead silence prevailed in the bedroom for a time. "I am stifling with rage, and I can't stand it much longer."

He had no thought of his own danger in carrying out his plan, but he feared that some accident would betray him before he had gained the important information desired.

Jack Cade appeared to be stupefied with terror, thinking of the hangman, and he helped himself to a large dose of brandy before he felt any courage returning to him.

Captain Grandon broke the silence by saying:

"I suppose the rascals lately enlisted will serve me faithfully, Jack?"

"If you pay them well, master."

"I can afford to do that if all works well. What will we do with this rubbish?"

"Fling the cove down into the water, sir."

"That's a good idea. This window overlooks the inlet, and we'll get rid of him at once."

"That don't suit me," thought King Kerry, "and I hope Florry is on the watch."

The little fellow was on the watch in the next room, and he heard the proposal.

The two rascals had seized the wild mountaineer as if to hurl him from the window out into the deep water running up to the side of the castle.

A terrified groan escaped from the watchful boy, as he feared that his friend would permit himself to be flung out, and the nervous pugilist heard it.

Dropping the supposed body, Jack glared at his master, exclaiming:

"Did you 'ear that, sir?"

"Hear what?"

"It sounded like a dying person. Maybe as 'ow the cove isn't a goner."

"You are the greatest coward I ever met. Grab the fellow again, and out with him. Give him a good swing first, and then let fly."

Another terrified groan escaped from the watchful lad, and it was louder and deeper than before.

Jack Cade dropped his end of the corpse again and ran for the outer door.

Captain Grandon heard it also, and he dropped the corpse to draw his sword.

Springing to the inner door, he flung it open, and he glared around his own apartment, as if in search of an intruder.

"Come in here, you cowardly rascal!" he cried.

Jack Cade paused at the outer door, and turned to stare at the corpse.

"It must be the bloke what groaned, master," he said, "and maybe as 'ow he didn't kick the bucket fair."

"Then I'll run my sword through him to make sure, Jack."

The young rascal returned to the side of the corpse, and he held his sword aloft, as if about to plunge it into the man's breast, when another fearful groan was heard from the other room.

Captain Grandon lowered his sword and stared at Jack Cade, muttering:

"I can't make it out, Jack."

"The dead sees you," groaned a sepulchral voice from the other room; "and all your villainy will soon be exposed."

Captain Grandon shook himself, as if to banish his fears, and he dashed into his own room, as he cried:

"Bring the light in here, Jack, and look well to your pistols."

"'Tis a ghost, master."

"Ghost be hanged!"

"Then what can it be, sir?"

"King Kerry trying to play a trick on us, and he is hiding in here."

The young officer poked under the bed with his sword, and he then examined a large closet in the corner near the outer door.

"We'll catch him, Jack," he muttered aloud, "and we'll lay him out as dead as that wild fellow in there."

"Better be dead than a wicked murderer," moaned a voice in the other room.

Captain Grandon hastened in to where they had left the corpse lying.

Then a startled exclamation burst from the youthful criminal.



The corpse had disappeared.

Jack Cade followed his master, and the terrified pugilist glared around the room in search of the corpse, with his hair standing up like bristles as he gasped out:

"The ghosts, sir."

The young officer was fairly stunned at last.

He had no superstitious terrors up to that time, but his nerves gave way under the fresh strain, and he trembled violently as he glared around the room and then at his companion.

"I can't make it out," he muttered, helping himself to brandy; "yet it must be a trick of that young rascal's all through."

"The dead are watching you," moaned a ghostly voice, as if coming from the back of the bed, "and you cannot hide your crimes."

As if thoroughly aroused by the last warning, Captain Grandon sprang to the outer door and fired his pistol.

"Help up here," he cried. "A spy has got into the castle."

The yeoman on guard below ran up the stairs, and all those in the castle were soon aroused and in search of the spy.

Captain Grandon trembled the while, fearing that some of his men would run across the dead bodies so mysteriously removed.

Jack Cade kept close to a party of the yeomen as they scoured the castle, and those near him could hear him muttering:

"The place is 'aunted. This cove must bet back to Lunnnon again."

Captain Grandon took an active part in the search, and he led several of the yeomen down into the deep vaults, as he remarked:

"The rascal may have entered by some underground passage, and we will look for him down here."

His real object was a hope of tracing the dead bodies, as he began to entertain a suspicion that the poisoned wine was not doing its work as well as he had expected.

The disappearance of the rough mountaineer puzzled him more than all, as he reasoned that the fellow must have stolen out of the bedroom of his own accord.

Jack Cade was one of those who ventured down into the vaults, and he kept close to his young master as they neared the cells.

No trace of the spy could be found, however, and they were all going up again when Jack found himself in the rear of the others.

The rascal's foot was on the steps leading up from the vaults, when he received a stunning blow.

A faint groan only escaped from him as he fell back on the hard floor, when a hand was clapped on his mouth and a pistol to his temple.

"One word out of you," hissed a voice into his ear, "and you are a dead man!"

Jack Cade could not speak, as the long strain on his nervous system was too much for him.

The fellow sank into a helpless swoon, and he was dragged away by his enemies.

Captain Grandon did not miss his servant until he searched the first floor of the castle with the yeomen; and he then called on the fellow in loud tones.

As no answer was returned, a new alarm was raised, and the yeomen hastened to the vaults again in search of the pugilist.

They returned to the young officer in due time, with a report that caused him fresh alarm.

Jack Cade could not be found in any part of the castle.

"They have captured the fellow," muttered Captain Grandon to himself, "in the hope of forcing him to tell where Kathleen is, but I have baffled them in that direction."

And such was the truth.

It was daylight, however, before Jack Cade recovered from his swoon, only to encounter more terrors of mind and body.

## CHAPTER XV.

### WORKING AT THE PUGILIST.

When Jack Cade did open his eyes all was darkness around him.

"Where am I?" he asked, as he endeavored to move his arms.

"In limbo, where you deserve to be!" answered a ghostly voice close to him; "and you will soon feel the tortures."

A groan escaped Jack, and he closed his eyes again, muttering:

"It smells hawful."

"Jack Cade," continued the solemn voice, "you know that you have murder on your soul, and that you must suffer for your crimes."

"Yes, yes. I am an hawful sinner, but the young master deserves worse. And why ain't you got him down 'ere?"

"He will be here soon. Open your eyes."

The peddler did open his eyes for a few moments, only to close them again with another fearful and prolonged groan.

"What do you see?" asked the voice.

"Coffins and dead men. This cove is a goner, and no mistake."

"Who are the dead you saw, Jack Cade?"

"The earl and Miss Becky."

"Your victims of last night."

"Wasn't me did it."

"Who put the poison in the wine then?"

"The young lord."

"But you aided him in his vile work, and you will suffer forever for it. Yet there is one chance for you."

"Then give it to me on the jump, and this cove will make hamends."

Jack attempted to raise his body, but he found himself powerless; and it seemed to him that he was secured in an old coffin.

A light flashed up when he was called on to look around, and the terrified fellow saw enough to strike terror into a braver heart.

He found himself in a large vault for the reception of the dead, with moldy coffins lying around him on all sides.

Yet what terrified him most was a glimpse he caught of two death-like forms lying on a large platform in front of him.

That glance was sufficient to tell him that he was gazing on the dead Earl of Denmore and the handsome young Jewess.

They were dressed in the garments in which they had appeared in the castle, and their arms were folded across their breasts.

Jack had closed his eyes again when he found that he was helpless in the coffin, when the strange voice of the unseen addressed him again in more impressive tones than before, crying:

"You miserable sinner, there is but slight hope for you, yet you may be saved, if you will confess all your crimes freely."

"What am I to confess?"

"Who stole the young lady known as the Lilly of Killarney, you wretch?"

"My young master, in course."

"Where did he take her?"

"To the sloop down in the inlet."

"But she escaped from there, and she was recaptured."

"In course she was. My young master caught her up near the mountain, and he sent me down to the sloop with her again."



"And where is she now?"

"Blow me to bits if I can tell."

"What, you scoundrel, do you mean that you are not in your vile master's full confidence?"

The terrified pugilist protested that he was not, as far as the missing heiress was concerned.

He swore solemnly that he did not see the young lady after he had taken her on board the sloop the second time, and that the little vessel had put out to sea that night, by the order of his young master.

"But has he never hinted to you where she is?" asked the voice.

"Never, I swear," was the truthful answer. "The young master never told me what become of her, good or bad."

A dead silence prevailed in the great vault for some moments, and the light disappeared for the time.

Jack Cade closed his eyes and groaned again, while he said to himself:

"Blowed if I know whether I'm a goner or not, but I think as 'ow there's a chance for a cove yet somehow."

The rascal was startled by hearing footsteps near him, and then a cold substance was placed against his temple that caused him to tremble anew and groan forth:

"It is a pistol! Don't shoot me, mister, and I'll do anything you want."

A bright light glared up, and Jack saw the old earl standing by his side.

"Do you know me, you rascal?" demanded the old nobleman.

"Yes, me lud."

"Did you know me the first night I entered the castle in disguise?"

"I did, my lud."

"And my companion also?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"Did you tell my son who we were?"

"That I did, my lud."

"Then he knew who we were right along?"

"Right along, my lud."

The old earl drew back from the coffin to hide his emotion from the rascal and to address two persons behind him in sad tones, saying:

"I am convinced now, and the treacherous boy will receive no mercy at my hands."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE LOST LILLY OF KILLARNEY.

What had become of fair Kathleen O'Donohue while her friends and her enemies were thus carrying on the strange conflict?

It will be remembered that she flung herself into the deep lake on the first night of her capture, and when she believed that her gallant young lover had been slain on the island.

The world was dark to Kathleen that night, and life had little or no joys for her, yet she had scarcely plunged into the clear, cold water when it flashed upon her innocent mind that she was committing a great crime in thus seeking to commit suicide.

Born and reared almost on the edge of the lake, and having spent several summers on the neighboring seacoast, the fair girl could swim and dive like a mermaid, and she was at home in the water.

Yet she was almost powerless from terror and agitation that night, and the instincts of self-preservation alone guided her in raising herself to the surface.

She was then seized by the masked man who was bending over the stern of the boat.

Lifting the terrified creature into the boat, the man motioned to the rowers, and they pulled for a secluded spot on the shore.

"Keep still, on your life," hissed a voice into her ear, "or you will see your young friend dying before your eyes."

The distressed girl cast a glance back at the island, as she eagerly inquired:

"Is he alive then?"

"He is," was the emphatic reply, "and he will not be put to death if you are sensible."

Kathleen stared at the masked speaker.

"This is not Captain Grandon" she said to herself, "as I do not know the voice; but he must be one of the cowardly yeomen, as who else would treat me this way?"

"Then speaking aloud, she asked:

"Who are you, and why do you treat me in this wicked manner, sir?"

The boat was nearing the deserted shore, and the masked man only replied by a chuckle.

He then placed his hand on Kathleen's mouth again, and one of the rowers obeyed a signal from the leader by hastening to the stern to secure the helpless girl by tying her shapely arms with cords.

A bandage was secured over her eyes, a handkerchief on her mouth; and she was lifted from the boat and borne to the silent shore.

The agitated girl could scarcely breathe as she was placed in a covered carriage, and she fell into a deep swoon as the vehicle rolled along over the rough road.

Poor Kathleen could not tell how long the deep swoon lasted, but a glimmering of daylight appeared to her when she opened her eyes again.

That dim streak of light came from a very small window at the side of a close apartment, where the captive girl was lying on a berth, and she found herself tossing to and fro as if afloat on the waves.

"Where am I?" she muttered, as she glanced around the little cabin and shuddered.

She was soon answered by a rough-dressed man wearing a mask, and who appeared to be a sailor.

"You are on board my sloop, young lady," he said, as he stood near the door, "but you have nothing to fear, you may swear."

"Why was I brought here, sir?"

"Someone else will answer that question ere long, young lady. I have only to say that you will be treated as you deserve."

The man spoke in rough but kindly tones, and Kathleen soon appealed to him to release her.

The seaman shook his head and pointed to a table.

"You had better take breakfast now," he said, "and don't be troubled."

He left the little cabin soon after, locking the door on the outside.

Kathleen arose and moved to the little window to look out.

After a careful survey of the scene presented to her, the fair girl trembled anew as she muttered aloud:

"It is just as I feared. That is Beara Castle, and I am in the power of young Lord Lovejoy. The wicked wretch was too cunning to take me to the castle and I am on his sloop."

The little vessel was commanded by a famous smuggler, who had defied the officers of the English government for several years.

Lord Denmore's former agent at the castle had engaged the smuggler, about a year before the arrival of the young lord,

(Continued on page 26.)



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to bear away the products of the estate to get a good market, and to return with stores, arms and clothing for the defenders of the castle.

While thus engaged in lawful traffic, the outlaw of the seas carried on a profitable trade in smuggled goods, and Lord Denmore's agent shared in the profits.

Captain Bloodgood, the daring smuggler, was only too willing to assist his young master in bearing away the fair girl, but the rough fellow had a heart of his own in the right place for all, and he insisted on fair play to a certain extent.

The young officer made himself known to the smugglers as the son of the great earl, and he swore that he proposed to make Kathleen his lawful wife.

"If that is your game," said the smuggler, "you can count me in; but the pretty dear must get fair treatment from all of us."

The little vessel put out to sea that morning, and poor Kathleen was soon prostrated from the effects of her first voyage, taking little note of time until they gained the inlet again.

It was early evening of the night when the yeomen were baffled and defeated by King Kerry.

Captain Bloodgood and most of his crew had left the sloop to take the smuggled cargo to a private storehouse near Killarney.

Kathleen was seated in the little cabin near the small window, and she was looking out at the water of the inlet as she muttered aloud:

"I only wish the window was a little larger, and I would drop into the inlet."

The fair girl heard a soft footstep at the door, and she bent her head to listen, expecting a visit from the young wretch who had made her a prisoner.

She could then hear the bolt outside drawing back and the key turning in the lock.

"Young lady," said a hoarse voice through the keyhole, "I am your father's friend, and it grieves me to see you where you are. Steal up on deck when it grows a little darker, and swim to the left shore. I can do no more for ye."

"And may heaven reward you, whoever you are," answered Kathleen in cautious tones. "And won't you tell me your name, kind man?"

"It don't matter, my dear. Be cautious now, and slip over quietly, as I know ye can swim."

When Kathleen stole out on the deck only one man appeared to be on the watch there.

The brave girl slipped over into the inlet and swam quietly to the left shore.

She soon gained the wood close to the castle, which was on the way to the town.

While pushing through the wood as fast as possible, the fair girl perceived a party of yeomen from the castle, led on by Captain Grandon, and she withdrew from the path behind a large tree.

While she was thus concealed the yeomen rode on, their leader saying, aloud:

"We will all meet in the white glen near the foot of the mountain, and I promise you fine sport with King Kerry and his rascally rebels to-night."

Kathleen hastened through the wood toward her old home, and she was soon out in an open meadow, where she found a young colt grazing with a simple halter on his head.

The fearless girl sprung on the colt and faced him toward the town at full gallop, muttering:

"I will see dear father first, and then ride to the mountain to warn brave Donal. From what the young villain said he is alive and safe yet."

Taking lonesome paths on her way Kathleen reached her old home without encountering a human being, when she

only waited to embrace her father and the faithful servants, and to change her wet garments before starting out again on the fleet mare.

When the fair girl sent forth the cry of anguish on being recaptured that night, she thought only of her gallant young lover.

Jack Cade rode straight to the inlet with his prize, and he pushed out to the sloop with her in a small boat, saying:

"Luck is not with you, young lady, and you'd best take it quiet."

Kathleen was half stupefied when she found herself in the little cabin again.

Jack Cade kept watch outside the door until the return of the smuggler captain, who soon discovered that one of his crew was missing.

Captain Grandon was too busy to pay a visit to the sloop that night, but he sent a message to the captain of the smuggler on escaping from the glen.

The little vessel sailed down to the mouth of the inlet that night, when the captain and his first mate went on shore in a small boat, taking the fair girl with them.

She was in a deep slumber when taken on shore, having partaken of a drug in a cup of tea, and she found herself in a dark, dismal cave on awakening again, where she was watched over by an old smuggler and his wife.

The cave was one of the hiding-places of the smugglers, and the old couple left in charge of the goods stored there were faithful servants of their lawless captain.

Then followed days, and nights of anguish and solitude for poor Kathleen.

The brave girl made several attempts at escaping, but she was closely watched by the old smuggler and his wife, who baffled all her efforts.

Otherwise she was treated with the utmost courtesy, and kindness even.

And such was the fate of the lost Lilly of Killarney up to the time when Jack Cade fell into the power of his enemies.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE STRUGGLE RENEWED.

The disappearance of Jack Cade puzzled and alarmed Captain Grandon more than all that had occurred on the previous night.

Could the pugilist be acting the part of a traitor to his young master?

Captain Grandon asked himself the question more than once during the wakeful night, and it was present to his mind when daylight dawned.

He was not idle in the meantime.

While the young plotter had not paid a visit to Kathleen since her capture, he had held several conversations with Captain Bloodgood, who was a congenial spirit in all save a reckless regard for human life and outrageous devilry.

Captain Grandon told the smuggler about the visits of his father and the Jewess in disguise, but he did not tell the truth on two points.

He denied that the girl was his wedded wife, and he asserted that he only intended giving them a good scaring when he drugged the wine and had them borne down into the prison vaults.

Captain Bloodgood has his own private reasons for hating the old earl, and he was soon tempted to enter into the young man's plot against his father.



The smuggler chuckled with delight as he listened to the young man, but he shook his head when he heard about the mysterious disappearances.

"What do you make of it, captain?" inquired the young officer.

"I'm blown if I know what to make of it; but you can swear that King Kerry is cruising against you on the sly, young sir."

"And working with the earl?"

"That's what puzzles me, as I know the young fellow hates the old earl worse than poison."

"So I understood. But what do you think about Jack Cade being a traitor?"

"You can't tell who to trust. The shark may be a spy from the start. But I can't see what he is steering for now if he is in with them."

The smuggler pondered some moments, and the young officer watched him.

"Captain," said the latter, "work with me in this business, and if we succeed you need never run another cargo."

"I'll sail under you on one condition," was the reply.

"Let us hear it."

"Let me deal with the old earl, if we get him under locker again."

"I agree to that. What is more, I'll pay you ten year's profit of your trade when I become his heir. As to this Jewish maiden."

"Her father is rich, I suppose?"

"As any Jew can be."

"Then we'll make him pay a handsome ransom for the girl, and I'll work the game. Now to find out about the missing ones."

And the smuggler pondered again.

The daring sailor then rigged himself up as a yeoman, and he armed himself at all points, calling on the young man to follow his example.

"Bring about twenty of your cut-throats with you," said the smuggler, "and come out with me. Let us all be mounted."

The party rode forth as if setting out on a long journey, but they soon turned into the deep wood on the left of the castle.

On reaching a secluded spot in the wood a halt was called.

About fifteen of the yeomen were then detailed on foot, and they marched back through the wood in deep silence, the smuggler leading the way, with Captain Grandon close behind.

When they reached the edge of the wood Captain Bloodgood motioned to the yeomen to conceal themselves behind the trees and bushes, and he crouched down also, with his eyes fixed on an old ruin outside of the walls of the castle.

It was the old church connected with the place, and it had not been used as a place of worship for several years.

Captain Grandon crouched near the smuggler as he cautiously inquired:

"You think they are in there then?"

"That's my opinion."

"Then there must be a passage leading from the old church into the castle."

"There may be, young sir, but I am not telling secrets at present. You say all the paths are well watched since last night?"

Before the young officer could answer, they both noticed a small human figure gliding out of the old ruin, to look carefully around on each side.

"Mum is the word all round. Here they come now; and your fellow is not a traitor."

King Kerry led the way out of the old ruin, and he was still disguised as a wild mountaineer.

Jack Cade followed after; and the pugilist's arms were secured behind his back, while a gag was placed on his mouth.

The old earl followed after the pugilist with a pistol in his hand, which was pointed at the back of the terrified prisoner.

Rebecca followed after, with another pistol in her right hand.

Then came Florry and the old woman.

King Kerry led the way across a small opening to the wood, and he cast cautious glances in the direction of the castle.

The young outlaw's arms were under his large overcoat, and he was grasping a weapon in each hand.

All of the little party had gained the wood when the smuggler gave the signal to dart out at them.

The yeomen obeyed the signal to a man, and they all darted at the old earl and his friends, Captain Grandon crying in hoarse tones:

"Down with the rebel dogs!"

King Kerry turned on his foes and fired two pistols in quick succession, sending forth a shrill signal at the same instant.

Two of the yeomen fell, the smuggler captain yelling aloud:

"No barkers on our side, lads. Board them, and take them prisoners."

The yeomen did not obey the order, as five or six pistol-shots were fired, the balls whizzing close to the old earl's head.

That old nobleman fired in turn, and another of the yeomen fell.

Without uttering a word, King Kerry drew a sword from under his coat and dashed at his foes, taking a stand in front of Rebecca, and slashing to the right and left as he sent forth another shrill signal.

Florry was darting into the wood, when he received a blow that laid him senseless.

The yeomen seized the old earl and disarmed him, the smuggler crying:

"Don't injure the old shark and the young one on your lives."

"Down with this savage!" cried Captain Grandon, as he pressed on the disguised outlaw with two of the yeomen, while three more assailed the gallant youth in the rear.

The young Jewess attempted to fly into the wood, but Captain Bloodgood caught her and held her back.

The earl was soon overpowered and borne to the ground, though he struggled to the last and without uttering a single protest.

King Kerry was striving to eat his way through his foes when he received a blow of a heavy sword on the side of the head, and he fell senseless at the foot of a tree.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE STRUGGLE GOES ON.

Jack Cade was fearfully terrified when he heard the shouts and shots in the road, and he could only think of flinging himself flat on the ground, and to groan as well as he could, with the gag in his mouth.

The old earl and Becky were secured, gags were placed on their mouths, and bandages on their eyes.

"This way with them," said the smuggler. "Look to the chap on the ground."

The "chap" alluded to was Jack Cade.

Captain Grandon had his man released and Jack danced with joy over his change of luck.

King Kerry and Florry were then lying on the ground as if dead.

While Captain Bloodgood and four of the yeomen were moving away toward the inlet with the two prisoners, Captain Grandon sent some of his men into the ruin in search of the old woman.



The dead and wounded yeomen were borne to the castle, and the horsemen left in the wood were recalled.

King Kerry and Florry were still lying on the ground, while Jack Cade was giving his young master a private account of his adventures.

The rascal had a wonderful story to tell, but he had not yet discovered that the wild mountaineer was young King Kerry.

Captain Grandon listened with wrapt attention, and he breathed more freely when he learned that the old earl and Becky had not betrayed their identity as far as the pugilist could notice.

"Captain Bloodgood will fix with them," he said to himself; "and the battle is more than half won now."

His attention was then called to the rebels lying on the ground.

Two of the yeomen stooped down over King Kerry, who had his sword clasped in his right hand.

They were in the act of raising him up to fling him on the back of a horse, when out went the young outlaw's legs and arms, and his enemies were hurled aside with great force.

The yeomen yelled with rage, and several of their companions dashed at King Kerry.

With a loud cry of defiance given in the Irish tongue, King Kerry struck at those in front of him, and cleared a path to the dense wood.

Florry darted up as he heard the Irish cry, and he ran into the wood with the speed of a hound as he sent forth an answer.

Over a dozen of the yeomen on foot darted in after the rebels, and the wood soon resounded with their cries.

Jack Cade retreated to a safe shelter in the castle, and to nourish himself, as he felt that he had suffered enough for some time to come.

The rascal also registered a mental vow to the effect that he would make his peace with the old earl, if possible, and get back to England at the first opportunity.

King Kerry kept on through the wood, facing toward Killarney, and Florry was soon at his side.

A signal was heard ahead, and then the tramping of several horses.

Some twenty mounted rebels soon appeared on the pathway, leading four spare horses.

"You are late, boys," remarked King Kerry, as he sprang on one of the spare horses, while the little lad followed his example. "Away toward the town with us at full gallop."

The rebels wheeled around, and King Kerry bent his ear to listen to his pursuers, who were then scattering through the wood.

"I suppose they'll take them back to the castle," he muttered, "and they are lost, if I don't help them again; as I must."

The roads and paths toward the town were clear, as the yeomen were guarding the passages leading to the mountain.

After dashing along for about two miles, King Kerry wheeled his men to the left, ordering two of them in an opposite direction.

"Up to the mountain with you," he said, "and let all the boys ride down on the paths near the town. Let them work around here in small parties, make their way to the graveyard at the back of the old chapel. I'll expect them there at midnight."

The young rebel wheeled again and led the little party through lonely side paths, as he said to his little friend:

"I hope old Norry escaped."

"I'm sure she did, Master Donal, as I saw her shooting back to the old chapel."

"Then we may save our friends yet. Oh, if I could only find out about Miss Kathleen, Florry."

"Keep up a good heart and we'll soon find her," cheerfully answered the lad.

None of the yeomen appeared near the old ruin, as King Kerry and his little band drew up in the lonely graveyard in the rear.

The young chief and Florry dismounted, and they stole cautiously to the old ruin.

King Kerry was the first to enter, when he gave a signal resembling the cry of an owl.

"Is that you, Master Donal?" inquired a cracked voice from below the floor.

"Yes, Norry. What is the news now?"

"The news is that your friends are on the sloop, and she is going down with the tide. Follow her, if you want to find the lady you love."

"And where is Captain Grandon?"

"In the castle."

"Are you sure they're on the sloop, Norry?"

"I wish I was as sure of heaven, master. Ride down as fast as you can, and I'll wager you'll find the fair Lilly of Killarney soon."

"Out at the vessels, men!" yelled a loud voice, as Captain Grandon and a strong body of yeomen appeared on the scene from behind the crumbling walls of the old ruin. "It is King Kerry himself, and a hundred pounds to the man who slays him!"

Twenty yeomen dashed at King Kerry and Florry in the old church.

Torches flashed out, pistols were fired, and swords were brandished on every side.

But still they escaped in some mysterious manner.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE OLD EARL AND THE SMUGGLER.

The sloop was gliding down the inlet within five minutes after the smuggler captain had his prisoners on board.

Even then the old earl could scarcely breathe, as the gag was not removed from his mouth when he was flung into the cabin.

"The rascals are treating me like a dog," he said to himself, "and that makes another notch in the stick for the graceless young scamp. Where did I hear that rough voice before?"

Suddenly he perceived that Captain Bloodgood was no other than his brother, whom he supposed had died in prison in France years before.

This brother had sworn vengeance upon the old earl for not shielding him from some crooked work, and upon the earl's wife visiting his Irish estates with their twin boys, of whom one was good and the other all that was bad, had stolen the bright one unsuspected, and he was never recovered.

The wife returned to England soon after, disheartened, and shortly died.

Upon the brothers recognizing each other, the smuggler said:

"Do you forget your oldest son, the beautiful boy you lost here in Kerry?"

The old earl started again and glared fiercely at his brother.

"What about him?" he demanded.

"You believed that he was dead, did you not?"

"Certainly; and he is."

"He is not. The boy is alive yet. I should know, as it was I stole him from his nurse the day he was lost."

"I believe you lie!"

"Listen to me and you will discover that I am not lying, beloved brother. I stole your son and I took him away to Spain in the sloop you came down from the castle in."

"He is in Spain now, then?"



"Softly, dear brother, and I will tell you about your handsome boy. On arriving at Cadiz I placed the boy in the keeping of an Irish outlaw then serving in the Spanish navy as a captain of a frigate. That outlaw hated you, as he believed that you had robbed him of his estate here in Ireland."

"I know whom you speak of. What about the boy thereafter, although I am certain you are weaving a romance for my benefit?"

"It is a truthful romance then. The Irish outlaw left a young wife here in Ireland, and she arrived in Spain a few days after I did. She was childless, and she gladly adopted the pretty boy as her own."

"Did she know who he was?"

"She believed him to be my own boy, and so did her husband, as I told him a plausible story about my dead wife, stating that she belonged to a good old Irish family in Galway."

"And they believed that you would willingly give up your own son?"

"Why not? I was leading a desperate life at the time, and why should I not place my son in a good home in Spain?"

"Go on. What become of the boy?"

"He was reared as the son of the Irish outlaw, who became an admiral in the Spanish service; and the lad grew up to hate everything English, the Earl of Denmore above all."

"Oh, you scoundrel."

"Speak softly, brother, or I will not tell you about your handsome boy, who is Irish on his mother's side, by the way."

"Go on, you pirate."

"Well, I will tame you soon. Your son came here to Ireland when a big strapping youth of fourteen, and he made himself known to the people as the son of the well-known Irish outlaw. He could speak English well, and his adopted parents taught him the Irish tongue."

"You infernal liar!" interrupted the excited old earl, "you will next tell me that this young King Kerry is my son."

The smuggler burst out into a fit of laughter, chuckling with delight the while.

"You are a wizard, my dear brother," he cried, "as I swear to you that young King Kerry, the Irish Rob Roy, is your oldest son."

To the great surprise of the smuggler, the old earl uttered a joyous exclamation, and cried:

"Fool, fool! That would be the best news I ever heard, if true."

"What, dear brother, do you know that your son is a deserter from the English army, which he entered to learn the trade of a soldier?"

"And a devilish good soldier he makes. Go on with his crimes."

"You know that he is an outlaw, with a price on his head—dead or alive."

"And he is a nobler fellow than thousands who are honored and beloved. What else have you to say about him, you consummate wretch?"

"He is about to assail your castle to-night, and he has sworn to re-take the estate."

"If he slays his rascally brother and his cut-throat yeomen, I will bless him," answered the old earl, with a grim smile.

"Ah, Dick, you rascal, you are baffled, if King Kerry is my son, as I would be proud of him to-morrow. We are sworn friends as it is, and he will rescue us, if he lives, before the morning dawns."

"He will that," cried a shrill voice at the opening of the cave, "and I am away to tell him where you all are."

The smuggler sent forth a fearful imprecation as he drew a pistol and made a dash for the mouth of the cave.

On reaching the strand outside he could see little Florry running up the cliff, and he fired at the lad as he yelled:

"I'll bring you down, you blasted little spy. It is the lad who has been prowling around lately."

"Shoot better!" yelled the lad, as he gained the top of the cliff. "Now to save the darling young lady; but I was a fool to talk too soon."

Florry was soon at the castle, which had just been attacked by King Kerry, and had been captured, and Captain Grandon and his men forced to retreat. As Florry approached, King Kerry said: "What news, Florry?"

The little spy ran down the steps from the castle, and his cunning eyes were blazing with excitement as he answered:

"Along the ocean road with you, Master Donal, and ride for your life if you would save the lady you love! I'll be with you. Bring fifty of the lads with you, as ye may want them."

"Mount, lads, mount, and follow me!" cried the young chief. "Where is the lady, Florry?"

They were dashing out through the gate, and the lad answered:

"Down in a cave at the end of the inlet, and she is in the power of a born villain called Captain Bloodgood. Who are those riding ahead?"

"Captain Grandon and some of his yeomen, and they are going the same way."

"Then ride like fury to cut them off, Master Donal, or you'll be too late. Captain Bloodgood may whip them all off in the sloop."

As they dashed along the little fellow gave an account of his late adventures.

"I was a great fool, Master Donal," he said, "to open me lips when I did, but I was afraid the villain would kill the old earl."

"You did right, Florry. Spur like fury, boys, and I'll bless you all."

## CHAPTER XX.

### DOWN BY THE SEA COAST.

Captain Grandon and the fugitive yeomen rode along the shore road at full speed, with the excited rebels in close pursuit.

The young officer looked anxiously down the inlet, in the hope of seeing the sloop.

"Once on board," he muttered, "I will away to France with Kathleen; and who can swear that I was ever in Ireland? Oh, my deep curses on that King Kerry; but he is a rebel, and he cannot expose me."

The young scamp could not see the sloop, as she was out beyond the headland; yet he hoped to find a boat near the cave.

He believed that his father was dead by that time, as he knew that the old smuggler bore a deadly hatred to the old earl.

Little Florry urged on the pursuit with King Kerry, as the little fellow feared that his escape from the old smuggler would hasten his departure from the coast, taking the prisoners with them.

Captain Bloodgood fired three shots at the little spy before the latter reached his horse after flying from the cave.

The old smuggler then hastened back to his brother, muttering aloud:

"That little shark means mischief, and I must signal to the sloop."

The old earl was still helpless in the cave when his vengeful brother returned.

"Well, beloved brother, I'll avoid any possible trouble here by taking you on board my sloop. Here, Jack, and be alive."

One of the smugglers appeared from an inner cave, followed by the old fellow who had Kathleen O'Donohue in charge.



"Two of you fellers get out on the cliff," ordered the smuggler captain, "and watch the strangers coming this way. Signal to the sloop to hasten in under all sail."

The smuggler captain had five men in the cave with him, beside the old fellow, and two of them hastened out, to keep watch.

The sloop's boat was lying in a little cave near the opening of the inlet.

Captain Bloodgood called on the old woman also when he ordered her to get the young ladies ready for a voyage, and added:

"You and Peter will sail with us also, old dame, until the coast is clear here again."

The old woman mumbled something in reply and retired to the inner cave.

Growing impatient at last, the smuggler yelled to the old woman:

"Bring out the young ladies, and you lads guard them well. Tie their hands."

The Jewish wife and the fair Lilly of Killarney were soon led forth from the inner cave.

The old earl and the young ladies exchanged significant glances, which were noticed by the smuggler as he cried, in sneering tones:

"Oh, yes, dear friends, smile away while you can, and hope for a rescue; but who is to come to your aid, I'd like to know?"

"Brave King Kerry," boldly answered Rebecca; "and I feel that he is coming now."

A deep silence prevailed in the cave for some time, and the young ladies listened eagerly, as if certain that their brave friend would not fail them at that critical juncture.

Captain Bloodgood kept moving to the mouth of the cave to watch the storm outside, and to grumble fiercely at the delay.

While thus engaged one of the men on the watch appeared before him, saying:

"There's a party of horsemen riding down the shore road, captain."

"It must be Captain Grandon and some of his men, and he knows the way here."

"I suppose so, sir, as they have just wheeled down to the strand. There goes pistol-shots."

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the smuggler, "that must be young King Kerry after the brother. What a fix I am in if Grandon is beaten. Some of them are coming this way on foot."

The smuggler retreated to the mouth of the cave, and Captain Grandon ran up to it, crying:

"Help, help, Bloodgood, as I am sorely wounded."

"Press on, men," yelled young King Kerry, as he darted after his young enemy, followed by Florry and several of the outlaws on foot.

All the yeomen flying with Captain Grandon were slain or taken prisoners.

Captain Bloodgood had barely time to call on his men to make a stand in the cave, when Captain Grandon staggered in, crying:

"Defend me, Bloodgood!"

"This way, Master Donal," cried Florry, "as I know the fox's hiding-place."

"This way, brave friend," cried Rebecca, as she strode to the mouth of the cave.

Then in dashed King Kerry and Florry, with seven of the outlaws after them.

The smuggler captain had a pistol in his hand, and he pointed it at his helpless old brother, as he yelled aloud:

"I'll not be balked in my vengeance."

The weapon missed fire; and it was dashed from his hand by King Kerry, who cried:

"Thank heaven, we are in time! Surrender or die, you rascals. Dear Kathleen, I find you at last."

Captain Grandon fell on the floor near his father, and the blood was flowing from a sword cut on the young scamp's forehead, as he groaned forth:

"The game is played, and I have lost. Becky, you are my wife, and——"

The young wretch could not utter another word, as the death rattle was in his throat.

The old earl was released; and he clasped King Kerry's hand a moment after, while he glared at his vengeful brother, as he cried:

"You wicked scamp, I promise to set you free and give you another chance in the world if you will prove what you said to-night."

"I'll take that offer," answered the smuggler. "Do you want to make it public?"

"No! no! We will consult hereafter."

The summer sun was smiling once more on the bright waters at Killarney, as a handsome young man with a full beard was rowing a small boat toward the fair island called Innisfallen.

A young lady was seated in the stern of the boat watching the rower, as she remarked:

"I suppose you don't forget that night long ago, dear Donal?"

"Not I, Kathleen. By the way, I forgot to tell you something."

"What is it, Donal?"

"You remember that rascal who was serving as a servant to Captain Grandon?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I saw him executed in London last week, and he died in great terror. When I told father about him he said that the fellow deserved his doom, as he had turned out to be one of the most famous highwaymen around London."

"The poor wretch. Did the old earl ever hear from Captain Bloodgood?"

"Yes, and he is dead also. He was killed in a duel in France."

"And can you be happy here in Kerry with me, brave husband?"

"Forever and a day, Kathleen. I love the people around me, and the old castle as well. Your dear father will end his days in peace with us, you know, and our old friends will fare just as well as if King Kerry had won the estate."

"And better, I think, Donal, as the English won't trouble you, knowing that you are the great Earl of Denmore's son."

Young King Kerry and his fair wife did live in peace in Ireland, and the former outlaw proved that the people of the country could be contented and happy if properly treated by their avaricious and absentee landlords.

#### THE END.

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